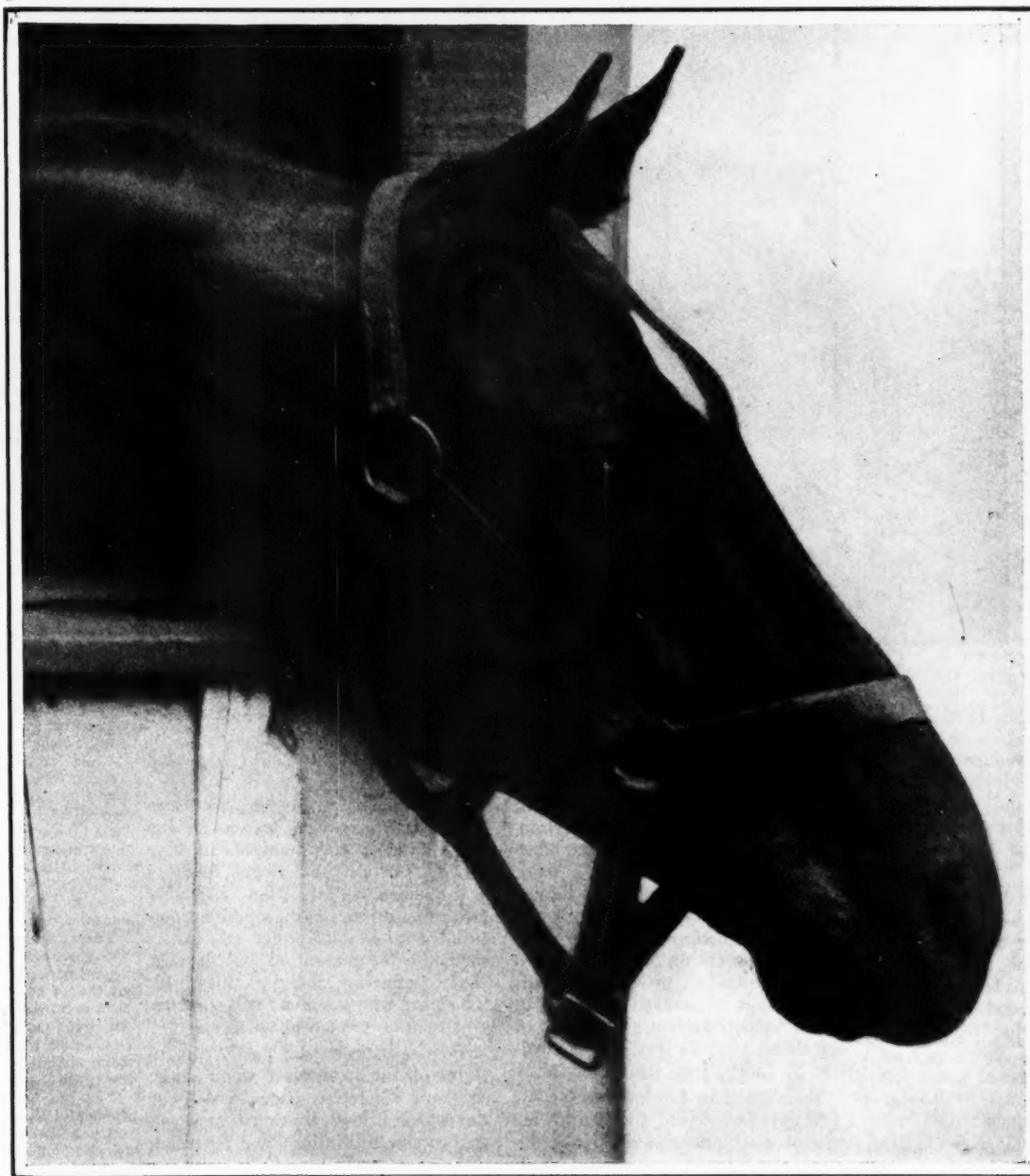


YOUTH'S COMPANION



Photograph by Armstrong Roberts

PORTRAIT OF A THOROUGHbred

This horse is owned by Mr. C. S. Cummings, Chevy Chase, Maryland

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"Buck" MacFadden removes his handicap

by J. Oliver Kent

On his school team, "Buck" MacFadden stammered so badly that he could scarcely call the signals. How he overcame his handicap and became the hero of his college. A gripping story that every boy who stammers and his parents ought to read.

"SIGNALS," shouted "Buck" MacFadden in a brisk, clear voice. "Kick formation, Grant back. Seventeen, twenty-seven, nine. Eighty-one, ninety-six, shoot!"

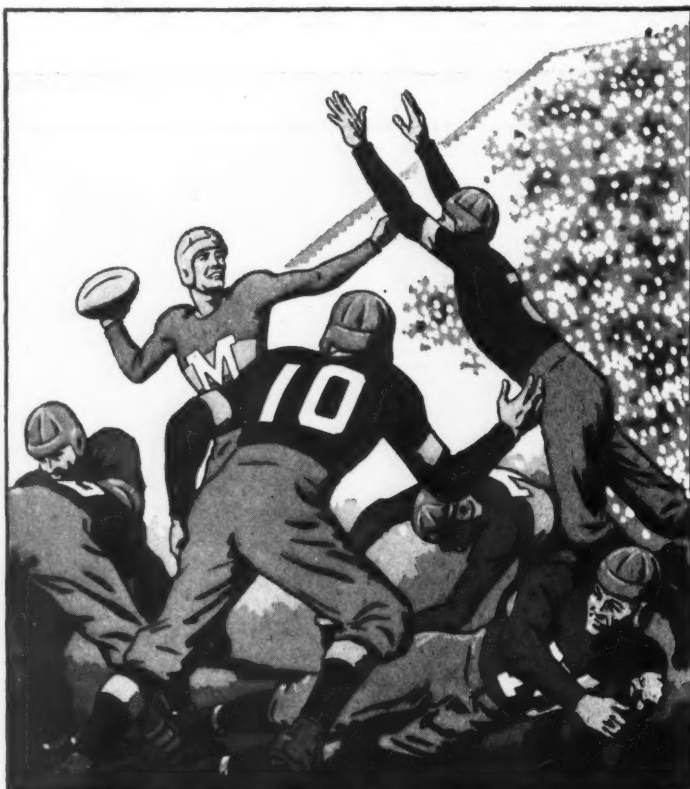
Like a flash the ball was snapped, "Buck" scooped it up, took three quick steps back, turned like a flash and shot it 20 yards, straight into the waiting arms of the right end. A beautifully executed pass. The receiver was downed at the very goal line and instantly buried beneath a human avalanche.

The stands were breathless. Was it over? Was this another touchdown? Every eye was fastened on the white form of the referee. Suddenly the official stood up and held both hands aloft. The north stand went wild. Here was the third touchdown of the game—score 20 to 0 in favor of Margrace.

Down on the players' bench, at the edge of the field, the Margrace coach proudly watched his team. "What do you think of that for field-generalship," he exclaimed to his friend George Manly, coach of Lakehurst Prep. "Buck" MacFadden has the visitors standing on their heads. Every man on the visiting team expected a try for goal from the field. Listen to the way he snaps out those signals too. I tell you that young MacFadden is the life of the team."

George Manly nodded. "It's marvelous," he said, "the way that boy has overcome his handicap. He was on my squad at Lakehurst, you know. I always knew he had the stuff, but he stammered so badly he could scarcely call a signal. I never dared to use him in any of the important games. What sort of miracle has happened anyway?"

In the dressing-room after the game, George Manly sought out his former gridiron pupil. "Tell me, 'Buck,'" said the coach, "what wonderful thing has happened to you. How in the world did you overcome your stammering?"



Buck turned like a flash and shot the ball a full 20 yards

"Buck" smiled at his former coach's bewilderment and briefly told the following tale: Shortly before he graduated from Lakehurst, "Buck" happened to see a story in a magazine about a man who had cured himself of stammering after suffering from the affliction for 20 years. The man's name was Benjamin N. Bogue, and he had worked out a scientific method of correcting stammering and stuttering. Once cured, went on the story, he had offered the method to his fellow sufferers, and it had proved so successful that he finally established a school and took classes. In this way, Bogue Institute, of Indianapolis, was founded.

"Buck" sent for full information. In a few days he received a booklet of interesting descriptions of the life at the school, the methods used and a blank examination form. He filled out the blank with a brief description of his symptoms and history of his trouble and sent it to the Institute. Soon he received an answer from Mr. Bogue himself, completely and correctly describing his case.

After talking the matter over with his mother and father they agreed that he should attend the Bogue Institute as soon as he could obtain an enrollment. He was lucky in that respect and in three weeks he boarded the train for Indianapolis.

"I wish I had time to tell you about the pleasant surroundings and the interesting and friendly people I met

at Bogue," concluded "Buck." "It's a residential school, you know, conducted like any other boarding school or college. Mr. Bogue soon discovered that my case was comparatively mild and in less than four weeks I returned home. I tell you I certainly felt like a new boy, for I was permanently and absolutely cured of stammering."

Coach Manly was silent when the boy had finished speaking. Then he said, "Buck, my boy, you are to be congratulated. You certainly were the hero of today's game. I guess maybe you were a hero at Lakehurst too—a hero under handicap."

If you stammer or stutter, Benjamin Bogue can cure you, just as he has cured himself and hundreds of boys and girls of all ages. Bogue Institute was founded in 1901. It is a thoroughly tried institution, run on sound business principles. Results under the Bogue method are guaranteed. Remember that stammering is never outgrown. The child who stammers will stammer as a man or woman unless cured.

Bogue Institute will enable you to throw off the handicap of stammering. Without obligating yourself, fill out the coupon below. By return mail you will receive full information regarding this sure, scientific cure for stammering and stuttering.

Or if you do not stammer, but know of someone who does, either see that this story of "Buck" MacFadden is called to his attention or send the Bogue Institute his name and address. Your name will not be used, and the Bogue Institute may be the means of opening up a whole new world for him.

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Without obligation on my part, please send me full information regarding the Bogue Institute and the new scientific cure for stammerers and stutterers.

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Sarepta Dunham's Feathered Watch Dog

By FRANK K. RICH

"WHAT kind of a time," asked Deacon Hyne, who had strolled across to Caleb Peaslee's yard for his daily budget of news, "did they have up to Sarepta Dunham's place yest'day? Folks said somebody was about killed, but I couldn't hear who 'twas. You know anything 'bout it, Kellup?"

"I know what I saw," Caleb returned promptly, "and what S'repta told me after she got over her scare a mite and could talk without screechin'. 'Bout all it 'mounted to, near's I c'd make out, was a man willin' 'nough to fight a dog, but who didn't know how to fight somethin' else he wa'n't used to. No," he replied to Mr. Hyne's questioning look, "there wa'n't anybody killed, nor near it."

"You know as well's I do," he went on, "that S'repta raises a lot of turkeys—it's about the only money crop she has; so with the talk goin' round about chicken thieves and such she judged it would be prudent to get her a dog. And when I got a look at him I figgered she'd done well; he was near as big as a veal calf, and when he opened his mouth it looked the size of a nail-keg to me."

"Wal, by dint of feedin' him and makin' friends, she'd got the dog where she judged it was safe to let him go at large a little; so for a few days she's let him off'n the chain durin' the daytime. Nights she kep' him fast, with the chain hitched close by her bedroom winder, so she c'd cast him loose if any marauders come foolin' round after dark."

"That brings us up to yest'day, 'long to'rds night, when all the excitement you're askin' about took place."

"You know how turkeys are, Hyne," Caleb explained. "Along to'rds night, even if they have a good warm shed to roost in, more'n likely they'll pick out some apple tree and roost up there all night, 'less you sort of herd 'em into the house; and that was what S'repta was doin'."

"She found the big gobbler and two of the hen turkeys had gone to roost in that big sweet-apple tree close by her back door; but the rest of 'em wa'n't to be seen anywhere. 'She'd got down aways below the barn, lookin' all round for her turkeys, when jest by chance, so she says, she took a glance along the road and saw a man comin'; she knew him for a stranger, and by the way he shambled along she made up her mind he was a tramp—and she'd left her doors all open. So she put back to the house."

"She wa'n't much too soon, neither, 'cordin' to her story; the tramp was turnin' into the yard when she rounded the corner and called out to know what he wanted. He kind of leered at her (she says, though I don't know jest what a leer is) and let on he'd like somethin' to eat right away."

"Wal, you won't git it—not here!" she says. "And if you ain't out of that gate in one minute I'm goin' to set this dog on you!"

"And at that the man only grinned at her. 'Go ahead and set,' he says. 'I've raised dogs a good part of my life, and I never saw one yit that would bite me!' And with that he bent over and snapped his fingers, and the dog went right along to him, waggin' his tail; and S'repta says her heart fell like a stone at the sight. But she made a grab at the clothes pole and started for the tramp."

"Be that as it may, she hadn't more'n started for the tramp and he was jest gittin' ready to fend her off, when there was an awful squall right over his head, and the next second somethin' as big and heavy as a dog lit right on his head and shoulders and a pair of feet with claws two inches long was peelin' hide and hair off'n his neck as fast as it c'd move foot to do it. And the tramp, brave 'nough when it was a question of a dog, like he'd kep' and raised, didn't have a hand to lift when it was a turkey as big as a dog, but that he'd never been close to in all his life b'fore. He jest give up and put his head down and run, with S'repta and the turkey both after him, till they chased him a quarter of a mile down the road. That was the part I saw," Caleb said, "and the rest S'repta told me when she got her wind back."

"And that turkey's done a good thing for himself," Caleb added, "for he's likely, barrin' accidents, to have a long life. S'repta says it don't cost any more to keep a turkey than it does to keep a dog—and she knows what this p'ticular turkey c'n do. So he stands a chance of escapin' Thanksgiving!"

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THE dining-room door opened slowly, very slowly, until one eye, the tip of a nose and a blur of curly hair were visible. The Bainbridge family were assembled around the breakfast table, and Mr. Bainbridge said with sleepy jocularity: "Good morning, Harriet. Come in, and let's see if your eyes are red and your cheeks pale and your temper uncertain, like the rest of us. I tell you, this family is soft. We can't stand late hours."

"Poor old dad," came from the crack in the door. "I just wanted to see how you were taking life, before I ventured."

The door opened wide, and a girl of about eighteen, with merry eyes and a mop of light hair, came quickly in. She made a wry face at her father in response to his teasing laugh, kissed her mother, and burst out with enthusiasm:

"Well, didn't we have a grand time? Didn't everybody look well? And nothing went wrong—nothing at all, except when all the decorations and things were too heavy for the middle chandelier. That was why it came down on top of one of the boys—Grace Dean's cousin Gloucester Ware, from Cornell. I was so frightened, but he just stood there so quietly and said: 'Will you please show me where to put this bouquet?' as if it had been a box of roses. Mother, Dewey Brandon had to leave early, and he asked me to say good-by to you for him. Mother, I do think Jim ought to see that all the girls are having a good time, in his own house, and not devote himself entirely to Gertie Pierce."

Jim Bainbridge started. "I never did!" he exclaimed. "Harriet may be a fine hostess at her own party, but I think she took a lot more notice of Gloss Ware than of the other boys."

"Jim!" "Well, you did," said her brother. "You devoted your whole evening to him—you and May Leonard."

Harriet planted her elbows on the table, oblivious to everything but the argument. "We know you have a very brilliant imagination, dear brother," she said with mock politeness, "but if you really thought I would do anything in such bad taste you wouldn't say anything about it in public."

Harriet flung out one arm, upset a dish of apples and set them rolling in all directions. Mrs. Bainbridge jumped nervously, her husband caught one of the apples and at the same time upset his coffee cup.

"Gracious, Harriet!" said Mrs. Bainbridge. "You will give me hysterics next, and I can't stand that on top of so little sleep."

"I'm sorry," said the girl. "Isn't everyone jumpy this morning? I suppose every family feels this way after a party. Oh, I can't bear to think it's really over. Do you feel dreadfully tired, mother?"

"Out of tune with the world," answered Mrs. Bainbridge. "I'd give something if I didn't have to go to town. It's got to be done, though, and I can rest tomorrow. Have you been in the parlor, Harriet? The floor's pretty bad. I'm sorry, but it had better be done today, for tomorrow the Drews are coming, and we can't take them into a room like that."

"No, I haven't looked at it," said Harriet, screwing up her face. "I'll see quite enough of that charming spot before night."

"Oh, yes," said Jim, returning from distant parts with his hands full of apples. "There's Harriet's little stunt to be done, isn't there? How do you feel, Harriet? Are you going back on your promise? Do you wish you hadn't had the party?"

"No, indeed!" declared Harriet. "I'll keep my word, though my back breaks and my knees wear out. I said that, if only I could have a party, I'd wax the floor myself and put things straight, and I'll do it. Provide me only with a can of wax and a woolen rag and I'll fulfill the contract!"

"I can't ask Mary to do it," said Mrs.



"Oh, heavens!" gasped Harriet. "I've upset the can! The floor will be ruined! Sit down, and excuse me!"

The Morning After

By EDITH SYKES GIBBS

Illustrated by CHARLES LASSELL

Bainbridge; "she'd leave in a minute; so you can take your choice between cooking and washing dishes, and waxing the floor."

"Dishes! Ugh! Horrible word—no, thank you, Mary need have no qualms. Trot along to town, mother, but be sure to bring me some witch-hazel and a bottle of liniment. Jim, you made some of those scratches; you ought to help!"

"Too many rags would spoil the polish," retorted that young man. "Next year I'll have a coming-out party, and then I shan't ask for anybody's help!"

"Really, for your mature years of eighteen and twenty, you two are more quarrelsome than youngsters half your age," interposed Mr. Bainbridge, teasingly. "Still, Harriet, I'm relieved to find that you aren't the sophisticated and finished young lady you appeared to be last night. As you swept down the room with your head up, and your chin tilted, and that 'I came, saw and conquered' expression in your eye, I was quite afraid of you."

"Dad, how can you? I—"

Jim broke in mischievously: "Harriet came and saw, so did May Leonard; but which will conquer, remains to be seen. Battleground, our bedecked and dazzling parlor; ambush, a few straggling palms and a bench on the porch; artillery, all possible charms and blandishments; trophy, Gloucester Ware, a delectable young prize, whose interest may lead to sundry future favors, such as an invitation to Junior Week—"

Harriet rose from the table with blazing cheeks. "Jim, I know you don't mean half of all that, but still it's insulting to say such things. If you really suppose that either Mary or I is capable of doing anything so vulgar, so hideously apparent—"

"May is, you aren't," said Jim frankly.

"I beg your pardon, Harriet. I was only teasing you, but I mean it all for May. She's ambitious and a schemer, and I oughtn't to mention your name beside hers. I know you hadn't any such thought, but anybody could see she had planned a regular campaign. Well, here's bad luck to her! Mother, if you're going on that train,

you'll have to hustle. I'll take your bag and go ahead."

He snatched his cap in one hand, and bag in the other, clattered out the door and down the street. Harriet found her mother's gloves and pocketbook, helped her into her coat, and sent her after Jim.

"Well, she made it that time," said Harriet with a relieved sigh, as she saw the gates go down across the street just as Mrs. Bainbridge reached the station. "I always think each time will be the last—"

She went into the house again, crossed the hall and opened the parlor door. One glance was quite enough. She sat down squarely in the middle and surveyed the wreck.

FOR several years it had been Harriet's ambition to have a party in the big parlor. Mrs. Bainbridge, finding her daughter's heart set on it, had finally consented to let her have a party when she was eighteen, if she would take the responsibility of repairing all the damage. And now the great event was over, and the day of retribution was at hand. Scratches, gashes, scrapes, in all directions—the floor was one great stretch of awful white marks on the dark wood finish. "It looks as if a four-horse team with hob-nailed shoes had been skating here," remarked Harriet, despondently.

The walls were covered with masses of trailing Virginia creeper, withered and shrunk, and the hydrangeas, banded in the corners, were falling away from their supports at all sorts of crazy angles.

Harriet got up with determination, covered herself with an enormous blue apron, and set to work. As she poured small quantities of melted wax on a woolen cloth and rubbed it vigorously into the wood, her thoughts returned to the fun of last evening.

Harriet didn't like May Leonard. There had never been any but outwardly friendly relations between them, but they had always been rivals. Harriet knew that it was not she who matched herself against May. She had never desired to "get the best" of anybody. But that was one of

May's chief aims. She loved to conquer, even in the merest trifles, and for some reason she couldn't seem to let Harriet alone. Throughout their high-school course—class offices, prizes, scholarships—somehow these two were always opposed. It had been a bitter disappointment to Harriet when May got the scholarship to Smith, but had she won it she would have felt none of the exultant pride which filled May's heart, and she did not begrudge it, as May would have done in her place. Harriet was going to a smaller and less expensive college, and even this meant considerable economy. It would not have mattered to May, whose parents were wealthy enough to send her anywhere.

As for Gloucester Ware—he had not been in Dunford for six years, and now his visit to the Deans was a source of great pleasure to all their small clique. As Harriet had said, he was more considerate than most boys, and his two years at college had not turned him into a conceited prig or a bookworm. He was fond of a good time, but he possessed also a keen sense of discrimination. He and Harriet had been very good friends six years ago, and when he returned Harriet hoped for a renewal of their jolly, easy friendship. But somehow, all was changed. Wherever they went, May went also—and Harriet very easily persuaded herself that he liked May better.

Last night, he had paid more attention to May than to her, Harriet thought. She had been simply disgusted with May, who had made herself very ridiculous trying to be flirtatious, and to eclipse Harriet's importance at her own party. It did seem in the nature of a campaign on May's part. Oh, well, boys were queer; you never could tell what they liked in a girl, anyway. Some girls made perfect idiots of themselves to attract attention, and were apparently doubly popular.

"I certainly won't ever degrade myself by trying to rival May," declared Harriet, with a flourish of her rag, "even though that does seem to amount to a confession that I'm not her match. Well, I don't want to be—in that way."

She sat back on her heels and viewed her work with satisfaction. A large round section of the floor had regained its former color and polish under her energetic applications, but there was still a wide expanse to cover. Harriet was crawling on hands and knees to an untouched region when a sound from the street made her pause in dismay. Yes, it was—there could be no doubt,—it was Grace Dean speaking. She would know that quick vivacious voice anywhere. And horrors! Gloss Ware was with her—he was laughing now. And, worst of all, she heard May's voice, shrill, but rather sweet, saying, "I think she must be home—let's go in." "All right," said Gloucester Ware, and the gate clicked.

HARRIET'S mind was working quickly. With a flash, she remembered May's pitying comment on the floor last night, and her question—"What on earth will you do?" Harriet had said, "Oh, I shall have to see about that tomorrow."

"If only I had more diplomacy," she thought, "I wouldn't have so many hard bumps in the world." It was really very poor taste and very unkind of May to bring Gloss Ware there the next morning, when she knew how unpleasant it would be. She hadn't thought it of May. And meanwhile they were on the porch, ringing the bell. "Well, I'll disappoint her," declared Harriet, roused at last; "if she thinks I'm going to throw my apron behind the door and appear nervous and flustered and blowzy, she's mistaken. I've got some pride, and I'm not ashamed of working, even if I do look a sight."

Harriet instinctively knew that May

would be in very correct morning attire, not a hair out of place. She pushed back her light hair impatiently, at the thought, and called "Come in!" through the open window. "Turn the knob and lift the latch and walk into my parlor," she further directed, in a sing-song voice, for now her ready sense of humor was coming to her relief, and she imagined funnier things to follow.

She was scrubbing away with all her might when the parlor door opened, to admit Grace Dean, her brother Jack, and May with Gloucester Ware. As she rose to receive them, somehow or other, she tipped over the can of liquid wax, and a great stream poured out and began to solidify in the middle of the floor.

"Oh, heavens!" gasped Harriet. "I've upset the can! It'll get hard—I've got to rub it in—the floor will be ruined! Sit down, and excuse me! Oh, what shall I do?"

She seized her cloth and began to rub frantically.

"Oh, what a lark!" cried Grace Dean, who was always ready for anything. "I'll help!"

"So will we," cried Gloucester Ware, and before Harriet knew what was happening the boys and Grace had divided the other half of the cloth between them and were on their hands and knees, attacking the hardening wax with determination. Gloss went at it as if it were his special forte in life, and Grace was laughing so, she could hardly work.

Meanwhile, May Leonard was left standing alone in the middle of the floor while the others crawled around like some new kind of reptile. For once, things had moved a little too swiftly for her. Harriet was always doing surprising things, but this was really beyond anything. How could anyone imagine that she would receive callers on her hands and knees or that she would go on working with them to help her? Grace Dean was silly—why on earth had she started in, and the boys, too? But that was just the sort of thing Grace liked.

"Sorry there aren't any more rags, May,"

called Grace, emerging from under a sofa, where she had pursued a small retreating stream of wax. "This is the eruption of Vesuvius—look out for the lava! There goes some under your chair!"

"Oh, do stop, people," cried Harriet, sitting up again with crimson cheeks and riotous hair. "You were just fine to help me; I don't know what I should have done—that wax would simply have gotten hard in a lump, and then nothing could have budged it. But don't do any more. It won't matter now. I can finish it tomorrow. You see, this is what you get for coming the morning after! You might have known you'd have to work."

"Oh, let's go on and finish," exclaimed Grace, enthusiastically. "I never had so much fun in my life!" Grace was always outdoing herself in the matter of fun. "It's too much for you to do alone, anyway, Harriet. Can't we?"

"Everybody sit down, and Jack and I will do the deed, while you criticize," said Gloucester Ware, refusing to leave his corner.

"That's just awfully good of you, but I couldn't think of such a thing," said Harriet, resisting Jack Dean's attempt to steal her rag.

"Oh, no, we'll all help," declared Grace. "You wouldn't be doing this, tired as you must be, if it wasn't a matter of haste. And we've interrupted you. Come on, May, get a rag," she added, mischievously, for May was still looking completely taken aback at the turn affairs had taken.

GRACE and the boys set to work so delightedly that Harriet couldn't stop them. The vision of May Leonard, scrambling about on the floor, was too much for her. She choked hysterically and smothered her laughter against an upholstered chair as she heard Grace exclaim:

"Good gracious, May, get to work. Don't sit there like the image of shocked propriety. This is The Morning After, and you've got

to help. You suggested coming. Come on, here's half of my rag,"—generously ripping it,—"there's a dry place over there, and here's the can in the middle. You pour out a small quantity of the liquid wax," continued Grace, holding up the can and reading from the directions in a pedagogical manner, "and rub vigorously into the floor with a woolen cloth. Excuse me, I said rag. That's what we've been doing—rubbing vigorously! I should say! Right over there, May!"

May took the cloth in silence and departed. She was helpless and furious. Harriet knew now that she had caused the visit, and how she must be laughing in her sleeve! What an awkward position! May hated awkward positions—for herself.

Harriet was doubled up in one corner, waxing the floor under the piano and shaking helplessly with laughter. That the tables should be turned so neatly and so naturally—May's hair was coming down, and her patrician white hand was actually in contact with a rag of dubious cleanliness.

Gloucester Ware called to Harriet to inspect his shine, and tell him if she didn't think he'd make a good bootblack.

"Well, you have the necessary qualities," laughed Harriet, "industry, perseverance and good-humor—only you spend too much time over one place!"

"Oh, this is my particular scratch," he told her. "I've got to make this better than before."

"Now that's all imagination." "I know one thing that I didn't imagine—I had a glorious time last night, but I'm having a better one today."

"You're good to say so, anyway. It's well you like work."

"There's a great deal in working in pleasant company—"

"Also in working to advantage. You've done all this before."

"All right, let's migrate."

He helped her to her feet, and they started gingerly across the moist floor. As

Harriet saw May, hot and angry, but determined not to give in, she felt that the punishment had exceeded the offense, and, going up to her she said, generously:

"Do stop, May. Don't bother about it. You're not used to doing such things. Neither is Grace. I oughtn't to have let you do it. Even if I do have to clean up when I have a party, that's no reason why I should drag you people into it."

Harriet felt very keenly, just then, her relative poverty, but she spoke with a quiet pride and dignity, and in her tone was no hint of a sense of May's humiliation. May was so surprised that she still knelt there on the floor, wondering why Harriet was so kind, when in her place—May was shrewd enough to realize that she had deserved this turn of affairs, though that didn't make it any pleasanter. May was rather a queer compound—at that moment she rather despised Harriet for neglecting such a good opportunity further to humiliate a rival. She certainly couldn't understand Harriet. She looked at her coldly, questioning, almost contemptuously. Harriet read her glance and flushed scarlet at the thought that May should have expected worse things of her. But she held out her hand to help May up, while Grace's merry voice broke in:

"Well, that's done! Now isn't that floor a dream? I want a chance to scratch it all over again. Now weren't we dears to help you, Harriet? Always count on us as your private auxiliaries hereafter. Come on, Jack, we've simply got to go. No, indeed, Harriet, I enjoyed it. Au revoir!"

As they went down the street, Gloucester Ware thrust his hands deep into his pockets and drew a deep breath.

"Harriet Bainbridge is a thoroughbred," he was saying to himself. "She treated May more decently than I ever imagined one girl could treat another who was downright mean to her. If she'll come up to Cornell for Junior Week, I'll feel honored, and I'll do my best to show her I appreciate her!"

"BUT I can't say much for wrestling," declared Jimmy Byers. "As far as I'm concerned, it is just about the last sport on the list."

"Too rough for you?" asked the varsity football coach, Philipps, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice. Jimmy, walking across the campus toward the gymnasium at Jordan University, had encountered the great man alone.

"Well, no, sir, I think not," Jimmy grinned. "Don't mind—"

"What is it then?" snapped Philipps, brusquely.

"I don't like it because the first thing wrestling demands of you is that you get behind your man," said Jim. "All the best holds, the surest ones, are worked behind your man's back. If that is real sport, I'll eat it," and he flushed in his earnestness. "I'd rather stand up to my man face to face and—"

"That's good," Coach Philipps chuckled, interrupting. "And it is the tipoff on wrestling. I don't blame you, for I never liked it myself. But I want you to go through with it. Stick it out until spring football practice, understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"Because I might have to use you next fall on the varsity, and I want you to be tough," the coach explained. "You weigh only about one hundred sixty pounds. Wrestling will harden and toughen your muscles. Can't have any brittle backs in my lineup—fellows easily hurt. Build up your weight, too. How are the studies coming?"

"Not so good," and Jimmy's face fell. "That is, algebra has about got me down. Can't seem to get through with it."

"Want a tutor? Glad to furnish one," suggested Philipps.

"No, sir, thank you; I'll try to battle it out," said Jimmy. "If I can't lick the first tough subject, I might as well find it out and not try to come to school the rest of the four years."

"Thatta boy," smiled the coach. "Well, keep showing." And he went along down the walk. Jimmy continued on his way to the gymnasium, where, for half an hour, he pulled and hauled, shoved and twisted, with half a dozen other boys about his own weight. But he had little zest for the workout, and emerged with nothing but a sweat and two or three burns where his skin rubbed hard against the canvas mat.

Catch-as-Catch-Can

By JONATHAN BROOKS

Illustrated by GEORGE AVISON



"What's all this conversation?" demanded Heavy Hilligoss, starting up suddenly. "How'd you expect me to study, with you talking all the time?"

JIMMY BYERS would not have phrased it in this way, but he found himself confronted by his first real university crisis. If he had been asked how he was getting along, he would have grinned and said, merely, "Tough goin'." But the fact was he faced a crisis. Algebra baffled him, despite his hard plugging work on the subject. Wrestling disgusted him, but he had given his word to the football coach that, for the sake of football, he would go through with it. He could not quit cold in algebra, nor could he shirk the wrestling, hard as it was for him. Finally, he faced a third problem.

The fraternity which he, with Les Moore and Billy Armstrong, his chums, had joined maintained a strict social discipline. Besides seeing that all its members kept up their studies and took part in athletics or any other campus activity for which they had any aptitude or liking, the fraternity labored to

improve the social bearing of its membership. Consequently, headed by a social committee composed of upper-classmen, it insisted that all freshmen should attend a certain number of parties, "date" co-eds at least twice a month and call at university and faculty receptions.

Those who disdain the importance of some social training for young cubs may smile at such a procedure, but must admit that the system had its value. There is at least a small merit attached to the ability to hand a cup of tea to a girl without spilling it over her gown. Only by taking part in social affairs can a youngster learn how to conduct himself.

Les Moore and Billy Armstrong, the two other musketeers, had been excused from their share of the task of upholding the fraternity socially, along with Jimmy, during football and basketball seasons. But now all three

had been called upon by the older boys to "step out," as they put it. Billy, a lover of luxurious living and a shining light in any social company, went to it, as Les said. And Les himself likewise stepped out, willingly enough.

"But I can't afford to give the girls a run-around," protested Jimmy Byers. "They don't want you hanging around on the wall. Got to spend some money on them, and I haven't the jack to spare. My scholarship doesn't provide for society high life. Besides, I've got to study, and I've got this blamed wrestling on my hands."

"My dear young fellow, don't be uncouth," jibed Les Moore.

"Think of the polish you need," mocked Billy Armstrong, grinning. Billy was getting himself into his dinner clothes, in preparation for a party at one of the sorority houses.

"I'll polish you, you big string-bean," declared Jimmy, advancing across the room toward the taller boy.

"Lay off—you get this shirt dirty and I'll crown you," Billy threatened, seizing the handle of a hair brush and brandishing the weapon. Jimmy picked up a soiled shoe cloth and pretended an assault on the starched and gleaming shirt front.

"Who needs polish?" he demanded.

"I do," muttered Billy. "Lay off." And he compromised to save his appearance for the party.

"All right then," Jimmy rejoined.

THAT evening Les, too, went out, and Jimmy was left alone with his algebra and Heavy Hilligoss, football star and the senior in their study and living-room. Heavy, a medical student, dug deeply into the midst of a large fat volume and paid no attention to the departure of two of the freshmen. Jimmy sat down at the table and opened his algebra text, a modern and modified version of that ancient bugaboo, Charley Smith, but a version slightly if any less difficult than the original. For a moment, before tackling the text, he reflected that Les and Billy were lucky fellows. The football coach had told Les to practice skipping the rope a few minutes each day; to strengthen his legs. Billy had drawn the mere suggestion that he should eat heartily, drink plenty of milk and try to put weight on his thin frame. Algebra had no terrors for either of them.

"Ho-hummm," sighed Jimmy, and plunged into his work. He studied each of the morrow's problems in turn and, armed with a sharp pencil, engaged each problem,

hand to hand, in battle. In turn they repelled his first attack. Crumpled and torn sheets of paper, heavily marked, gave evidence of the conflict. But after each defeat he renewed his onslaught until finally, after two hours' intensive effort, he had finished with the five examples.

"Two of 'em ought to be right, anyhow," he muttered as, wearily, he signed his paper and folded it into the textbook for submission in class next day.

"What's that?" demanded Heavy Hilligoss, starting up suddenly. "What's all this conversation? How d'you expect me to study, with you talking all the time?"

"Excuse me," said Jimmy, grinning. "I didn't mean to bother you. But I was just saying that maybe two of the five problems I've just solved will be right."

"H'mm, algebra? Saaay, two out of five won't sell any papers," scoffed Hilligoss. "That'll be forty per cent. Can't pass, that way."

"No, but if I get two right it will be a hundred per cent improvement," said Jimmy, miserably. "One out of five is my average. I don't seem to get the hang of the blamed stuff."

"Give you a lift?" asked Heavy, closing his book. "Guess I'm through for the night, myself."

"No, thanks," Jimmy replied, stiffly. "I'll get 'em myself, or they won't be gotten, that's all."

"All right, stiff neck," Hilligoss chuckled. "That's the old fight. But listen, lemme tell you something. The committee put it up to me to see that you and Jake are dated up for next Sunday evening. Got to step out, see?"

"Aw, I don't want to have anything to do with the girls," said Jimmy.

"We've heard that before," declared Heavy. "From you and Jake, both. But if the pair of you haven't got dates by tomorrow night, I'll make 'em for you. And then I'll see that you fill 'em, if I have to take the old paddle to you and Jake, even if he is my brother. I'll lay on the wood from here to the house. And if that don't do the job, I'll report back to the committee, and the whole gang will take you two into kangaroo court. Some of these guys swing a mean paddle, too, don't think they don't."

"But I don't know any girls—" Jimmy began.

"Got till tomorrow night to scare up one," warned Heavy. "And I'm going to find Jake and tell him, too."

As the big fellow pounded out of the room and down the corridor, Jimmy did not know whether to laugh or cry. The situation appealed to him as being ridiculous. But, on the other hand, it supplied further evidence that he seemed to be falling down. Algebra and wrestling were obligations hard to meet, and here he was failing to hold up his end in what the rest of the boys thought to be their social duty.

Plenty of big husky youngsters have broken down and cried under the strain of college algebra. Others have despaired of athletic careers, and still others have suffered because of social shortcomings. Small wonder that Jimmy Byers, afflicted, we might say, with a sharper conscience and a keener desire to meet his duty than some of his fellows, worried over the situation in which he found himself.

He undressed after a time, put on his pajamas and went upstairs to the third floor dormitory, to bed. But he did not go to sleep at once. Instead, he lay on his back and stared dry-eyed into the darkness. When he finally closed his eyes it was with the blind resolve to keep bucking the line and find a way through his problems.

He did not find the solution. He lay awake pondering hopelessly, and the more he pondered the further he wandered from a sensible consideration of the problem in hand.

Some people seem to be gifted with a mind for figures, and some do not. There is no explaining it. To Jimmy, an algebraic problem was so real that trying to solve it actually made him feel as if he were trying to fight a flesh and blood battle. The little letters had a way of burning themselves into his mind and refusing to do what he wanted them to do, and getting themselves all tangled up and lost on his scratch pad, so that they almost made him give up in despair.

But Jimmy was no quitter—never had been. He felt that, if only he could once get the feeling for algebra, he would be able to solve any problem. He believed that there must be a feeling for algebra, just the way there is a feeling which makes a man good at almost any sport or game.

Jimmy knew that you could go out on the

football field, for example, and practice drop-kicking day after day, without accomplishing a thing—without increasing either in distance or in accuracy. Then one day, for no reason at all, you suddenly got this mysterious feeling, and afterwards you never lose it. You can make drop-kick after drop-kick, farther than ever before, apparently without effort.

It must be the same with algebra. But how could Jimmy get the feeling? He fell asleep, disgusted with his inefficiency.

Coach Tugger Macy opened Jimmy's eyes for him. The head of the wrestling squad and teacher of the grappling classes was a bit of a philosopher in his roughneck way. Watching the boys at work, in pairs, on the big mat in the gymnasium next afternoon, Macy noticed that Jim Byers showed little

arm as if to grasp Jimmy's right. Jimmy quickly seized the coach's wrist, thinking to bend it upward. At the same time he stepped forward, with the idea of getting to Macy's left and then behind him for a quarter-nelson hold. But he did not finish his plan. Instead, he felt himself jerked toward Macy, and then the coach grasped his left leg with his right hand and lifted Jimmy into the air. Before Jimmy knew what was happening he had gone over Macy's head and was stretched out almost breathless on his back, a victim of the flying-mare hold.

Feeling rather helpless and silly, Jimmy grinned as he lay flat and looked up at the coach.

"Now then," demanded Macy. "What were you tryin' to do?"

Jimmy explained his idea about the quar-



Feeling rather helpless and silly, Jimmy grinned as he lay flat and looked up at the coach. "Now then," demanded Macy. "What were you trying to do?"

zest for the sport. Jimmy was pulling and shoving with a short, fat youngster, and neither was getting anywhere.

"Here, Byers," said Macy, walking onto the mat. "Coach Phillipps told me you'd make a wrestler, but you don't show any signs."

"Well, he didn't tell me that," grinned Jimmy, dubiously. "He said wrestling would help my football."

"But it won't if you don't get something out of it," Macy exclaimed. "Here, do you know anything about wrestling? Get any kick out of it?"

"No, both times," Jimmy grinned.

"Well, listen: what d'you s'pose the name means—catch-as-catch-can?" Macy demanded. "I'll tell you. It means you can take any hold you like, instead of some hold that's prescribed, like in football. All right, that means you can fool the other fellow. And he can fool you. He can feint to make you take the hold he wants you to, and then he can turn it to his advantage. Or you can make him think you're going to take a certain hold, and fool him by takin' another. See? Just like life, rasslin' got more'n one handle. The fellow that wins knows how to juggle the handles, see? Ever' thing's got more'n one handle. All right, it's a question of grabbin' the right one—the one the other fellow is not ready for you to grab. See?"

"Never looked at it in that way," Jimmy mumbled.

"There's sense in it," proclaimed Macy. "Here, lemme show you. Square off, here. Now then, let's go."

So saying, he stooped over and reached out his arms. Jimmy did likewise, wondering. Macy suddenly stretched out his left

ter-nelson, a hold requiring a hand under the opponent's armpit and up around his neck.

"Yeah, and that was all right, too," said Macy. "But listen, I had an idea myself. I wanted you to grab that wrist, see, and you fell for it. I was all set for you, because I was one think ahead, see? I feinted. You grabbed the handle I wanted you to grab. That's rasslin'. Now then, try it with this other boy. Remember, there's more to rasslin' than just gettin' a hold and pullin'. Use yer head. Just like yer do in life, or in school, here, or football, see?"

So saying, Coach Macy abandoned Jimmy and turned to some other candidates. Jimmy lay on his back a moment and then, grinning again, got to his feet. In a flash, from Macy's crude words, he had got the idea of wrestling, and at the same time a new slant on life itself. Two minutes later, Jimmy had his fat opponent flat on the canvas and a little later was generously showing how he had thrown his man.

"Atta boy," exclaimed Macy. "Not such a bad game after all, once yer get the hang of it. Hey? And it's just like life. More'n one handle."

JIMMY chuckled all the way to the fraternity house over the lesson he had just learned, at the same time resolving that wrestling had some elements of sport in it after all. Arrived at the Alphomega house, he met Heavy Hilligoss.

"Got yer dates for Sunday evening," Hilligoss said. "You and Jake. And you be set to go, see? Two nice girls at the Eta Phi house. No flat tires."

"All right," said Jimmy. "I'll tell Jake."

"Wha-what's that?" demanded Heavy, who had expected further opposition.

"I said all right, and I'll tell Jake," Jimmy repeated.

"He's still balkin', but he's got to fill the date," pronounced Heavy.

"I'll tell him."

"Well, you be blamed careful what you tell him," Heavy warned.

After dinner Jimmy, still thinking of the lesson he had learned from the crude Tugger Macy, did talk to Jake Hilligoss. And, remembering that there is more than one handle to every problem, Jimmy used tactics with Jake that convinced his husky freshman buddy the thing to do was to fill the dates. That done, Jimmy tackled his old enemy, Charley Smith, on Smith's favorite battle ground, the textbook in college algebra. Here, too, Jimmy remembered Tugger Macy's lecture. Instead of plunging blindly into each problem, he leaned back in his chair and considered the various ways in which that problem might be solved. He quit butting his head into a stone wall, figuratively speaking. Rather, he sought the right handle.

"It all depends on how you take hold," said Jimmy, an hour later.

"What's that?" asked Heavy Hilligoss, looking up from a medical textbook.

"I was thinking about algebra. Got it licked," Jimmy explained in triumph. "If these five problems are not solved right, I'll eat 'em. Learned how on the wrestling mat this afternoon."

"Are you crazy?" demanded Hilligoss.

"Nope, just happy. And I'm going to get some of the sleep back that I've lost these many weeks over algebra," said Jimmy. "Going to bed. Good-night."

"Oh, well, I got to keep grinding on this stuff," lamented Hilligoss.

Jimmy, young Jake Hilligoss and Heavy went out on the enforced party Sunday evening. It was so easily done that Heavy, after having contemplated many dire means, was somewhat suspicious of his freshmen.

Monday morning Jimmy, in company with Billy Armstrong and Les Moore, crossed the campus en route to the algebra class. Algebra had proved simple for Les and Billy, but they missed Jimmy's usual pre-class groanings over Charley Smith.

"Still think you'll flunk this stuff, Jim?" asked Les.

"Nope, got it licked," said Jimmy. "Learned how to whip it in wrestling class. Handed in five problems Thursday, and got a hundred on my paper."

"Learned how in wrestling?" echoed Les, incredulously.

"Yeah, learned to look for the right hold," Jim explained, grinning.

"Got a half-nelson or a toe-hold on the old problem, hey, Jim?" laughed Billy. "But say, how about the society stuff. Got it whipped yet?"

"Sure."

"But you had a date last night," protested Les.

"And now they've got a notice on the bulletin board that you and Jake can't have any more dates. Absolutely forbidden," said Billy.

"Well, if you call that whipping society—" began Les.

"Surest thing you know," Jimmy grinned. "Jake and I didn't want any dates. But they made us fill 'em. All right. Now we won't have any more."

"But how come?" insisted Les.

"Well, I learned how to whip that game in wrestling, too," said Jimmy. "Wrestling is like life. Catch-as-catch-can. Grab the hold the other fellow don't want you to grab. Make him take the one you want him to take."

"Say, talk sense," protested Billy.

"Or I'll grab hold of your neck and twist it," Les threatened.

"Will you fellows keep your traps shut? On the level? All right," said Jimmy. "They'd kill us if they found out. But Jake and I didn't want dates. Made us take 'em. Proposition: how to get out of it. All right. We act so dumb on this one date, they say we disgrace the chapter. Forbid us to have any more. Q. E. D. Just like algebra. Just like wrestling. Just like life. Catch-as-catch-can, see? And now I'll have plenty of time for study, outside reading, baseball and football practice."

"Yes, and if we had time right now I'd crown you," laughed Les Moore, pelting him on the back.

"Kill him, he's too smart to live," said Billy Armstrong.

Together the three musketeers went up the steps of Biology Hall to confront Charley Smith in algebra class.

The Cedar Box

A Junior Fiction Contest Story

By DOROTHY THELMA ODELL (19)

Illustrated by HAROLD CUE

ELIZABETH is a practical name. And Mrs. Hughes, who named her daughter Elizabeth, was a practical, sensible person. But Elizabeth was far from being a practical child. She was, as Mrs. Hughes explained to her Alabama neighbors, an imaginative child—very imaginative. Mrs. Hughes was spending her first winter in Chatong, and the neighbors were not used to Elizabeth.

None of Elizabeth's friends, however, objected to her imagination. They found her very entertaining, although continual and close association with her was hard on their veracity, their clothes and their mothers. Of all of them in Chatong, Katherine Lorella King was by far the most satisfactory. She was devoted to Elizabeth, which pleased Elizabeth. Her hair was red, her nose was short, and there were freckles all over her square face. She never looked untidy or ill-kept, but merely appealingly homely like some breeds of dogs.

AT this particular time, a late Saturday afternoon in May, Elizabeth and Katie were sitting on the back steps of Katie's home. They were eating raw peanuts, and as they ate they were talking about the man who had been Katie's step-father for six months. Katie's own father had been dead two years, and her mother had married the man who had been Katie's uncle. Katie had never seen him very much before he had become her father. Now she found it hard to decide whether she really liked him or not. He was so stern and so silent.

Elizabeth, however, had no difficulty in deciding. She cordially disliked Mr. King.

"Do you know," she said, "that lots of times the Devil comes to earth in disguises and does lots of strange things?"

"No," Katie said. "I never saw him."

"Of course not. You wouldn't recognize him if you did see him. But that's the way he made the Devil's Pit."

"Why, father said that a volcanic explosion made the Devil's Pit," Katie objected. She was very familiar with the Devil's Pit, a large canyon of colored sand.

"Perhaps. But I think the Devil did it," Katie was considering this thoughtfully when Elizabeth added suddenly, "He has horns. I am sure he has horns—little knobby gray ones."

"Who?" Katie asked.

"The Dragon." The Dragon was Elizabeth's name for Mr. King.

"Oh, no," Katie said, "it couldn't be. I would have seen them if he had."

All the time they talked and ate peanuts and threw the shells under the porch they were dimly conscious of a tapping noise from somewhere in the direction of the shop.

"What is it?" asked Elizabeth.

"It's him," Katie said.

Elizabeth knew who "him" was. "Him" meant the Dragon. "What's he doing?"

"I don't know. He's making something. It's in the shop attic, and he keeps the door locked."

"Tap, tap, tap. Driving nails in his coffin," Elizabeth chanted softly.

Katie did not look shocked. She was used to Elizabeth. "I think he's making a bird house," she ventured. "He did once before. He likes birds."

Elizabeth discarded this sensible suggestion. "I'm sure it's more exciting. It has stopped now."

Katie listened. Yes, the tapping had stopped. Mr. King was coming out of the shop and up the path toward the house. He was a striking figure—tall with bright red hair and a red Vandyke beard. As he passed the girls on his way into the house he smiled.

"He has a nice smile," Katie said defensively after he had gone.

But Elizabeth was in no mood for arguing. "Let's go climb in the camphor tree," she suggested.

If Katie knew what Elizabeth was thinking of, she gave no sign. She merely acquiesced, and they ran down the path toward the tree.

THE camphor tree grew very close to the shop—so close that some of its branches touched the attic window. It was solid from without and like a great green cone. But inside it was like a great green cave, cool and fragrant, for all the leaves grew at the tips of the branches and were so close together and so opaque that no sun came through. Katie and Elizabeth climbed in the tree very often—so often that they kept a little tin box of their combined treasures in one of the crotches.

Katie, after she and Elizabeth had scrambled up the tree, opened the box and re-

vealed the latest addition to her hoard—half a bar of chocolate wrapped in tin foil. She drew it out from under a hollow volcanic stone of which both she and Elizabeth were very fond because it had been the home of Katie's pet newt, Sappy Soc (named Sappho Socrates by Elizabeth). She divided the chocolate neatly in half, returned one portion to the box, and divided the rest between herself and Elizabeth.

They sat side by side on a branch and munched the chocolate. They were silent

that lived all alone out in the country and sat barefooted on his front porch? When we drove by in the car I used to see him sitting there, wiggling mosquitoes off his big toe.

"You couldn't," Katie said. "Not from a car."

"Well, anyway, you know when he died they found a coffin up in his attic. He'd gotten it all ready. I never saw a coffin, but I saw a picture of one once, and it looked a lot like that box. I know it is a coffin—a cedar coffin." She went on without noticing



"Why, father said that a volcanic explosion made the Devil's Pit," Katie objected

until they finished. It was very good chocolate.

"I think," Elizabeth said, "that this is the branch that touches the shop window."

"Yes," said Katie, "it is."

Elizabeth stepped out on the branch carefully. It sagged. She could hear the leaves brush against the attic window of the shop.

At first they could see nothing beyond a broad beam of light, which came from a western window and ended in an irregular oblong on the attic floor, and the window itself, which had one broken pane held together by a white button contrivance. As their eyes grew accustomed to the light and dark of the attic, for there were only the two windows and they were small, they could see that the irregularity of the light patch was due to the square end of something protruding into the light area. It seemed to run on into the darker part of the attic.

"It's a long box," Elizabeth decided.

"It can't be a bird house," admitted Katie, who was loath to give up her original idea.

"Of course not. It's—I'll bet it is—" she stopped.

Katie said, "I can see the kite we sailed last spring, and the barbecue kettle."

Elizabeth, staring at the box, made no answer. It was of cedar, and all about the end in the light space great curls of red wood were lying. She could almost smell the cedar.

Katie noticed the cedar curls and said, "It's what he's been working on all right. See the shavings."

Elizabeth said musingly, "It's about six feet long—almost six feet. Katie, do you remember old Mr. Gary—you know, the one

the horrified look on Katie's face, "If it were smaller, I'd think it was a chest to bury gold in, but it's too big. It must be a coffin."

"Elizabeth Hughes, I think that's a horrible idea. I don't believe it's a coffin at all," Katie declared indignantly.

Katie was still horrified, but her convictions were wavering. She remembered a casket she had once seen. It had been long and dark and shiny.

Elizabeth voiced her conclusive argument. "Why does he keep it locked up if it's a—a bird house?" she finished scornfully.

"He is awful solemn," Katie admitted.

"But he smiles nice."

"Yes," Elizabeth said, "he is awful solemn. But what do you suppose he's going to do with it? Let's make up a story about it. We could call it 'The Dragon and His Coffin.'"

"No," said Katie, who, though very upset, had not forgotten her responsibilities as a sensible person, "it's getting dark, and I promised your mother that I'd see that you started for home before dark."

Elizabeth made a face but climbed down obediently. Katie walked to the gate with her and there confided a delightful piece of information. "Next Saturday afternoon mother's having a party, and she says you can come and help me pass things."

Elizabeth was much pleased and promised to come early.

Katie added solemnly, "Don't tell anyone, you know."

Elizabeth knew she was referring, not to the party, but to the cedar box, and agreed. "Not till after the party, anyway."

THE week before the party Elizabeth spent her after-school time in making up tales about the Dragon and his cedar coffin and in writing pear-leaf poems and letters on the woodshed. It was a very good place for pear literature, for the necessary materials—pear leaves and mulberries—were close at hand. The mulberry tree leaned over the roof and spilled its berries on the tar paper, and the pear tree could be reached by stretching one's arm a little way over the roof edge. The method of printing these letters was very simple. One took a pear leaf and with a pin one scratched one's message on the white back of the leaf. Then one picked up a mulberry or two and smeared it over the printing. And finally one licked off the excess mulberry juice and found the words standing out in bold letters against the pale back of the leaf.

Katie was not happy that week. She watched "him" with frightened eyes. She took Elizabeth's interpretation of the box very seriously. It was for her no amusing pastime engendered by a reading of Gothic romances. It was a terrible fact. Why should he be making a coffin and whom was it for? Nevertheless, she could not worry and wonder all the time, and while she was not she wrote letters, very prosaic ones, to be sure, but letters, on pear leaves with a pin. She enjoyed licking off the juice of the mulberries. It was so much pleasanter than licking postage stamps. When Elizabeth was addressing letters to the Queen of Fairyland Katie wrote thus:

"Dear Queen of the Fairies, I take up my pen to tell you that I hope you are well. I wish that you would send me something to make my freckles come off.

Yours sincerely,
Katie"

But while she was writing she found herself unconsciously printing—BOX. She scratched the word out.

One of Elizabeth's letters read thus:

"Dear Elvina Elf, I have a riddle for you—

A long red box
Smelling of cedar,
Above the earth,
Perhaps to be under,
Shining and red,
And smelling of cedar.
What can it be?"

Elizabeth wrapped the leaf in another and threw it into the neighboring yard, where a cow, which was not named Elvina Elf, ate it.

On the day of the party, Elizabeth came early, as she had promised.

As they arranged flowers and piled dishes, Katie confided to Elizabeth that this was her mother's birthday, but that she had not told anyone because she did not want anyone to bother about giving her a present. Such a view of the matter was incomprehensible to Katie and Elizabeth.

Mrs. King came as they talked, and Elizabeth looked at her curiously. She did not look a bit like Katie. She was delicately pretty, and now there was a look of secret happiness about her that made her even prettier than usual.

Katie looked at her too, but with worried eyes. She wondered how her mother would look if she knew what was in the shop attic. That dreadful box!

THE party went off beautifully, although Katie almost spilled a plate of cake when she heard a woman speak of her husband's "terrible coughin'." It sounded so like "coffin." But nothing serious happened.

After the refreshments Mrs. King said to her guests, who were all women, "Today is my birthday and I have the loveliest present. I must show it to you. It's in my room."

They all filed into Mrs. King's room, and Elizabeth and Katie slipped in after them.

There under the window was the cedar box—shining and dark and red, with Mrs. King's monogram carved on its lid. It was a cedar clothes chest.

"I've been wanting one for years," Mrs. King was saying. "Isn't it a beauty? He made it all himself, and I didn't know a thing about it until just before you all came. I thought he was making a bird house."

Katie looked at Elizabeth. Simultaneously the two slipped out of the room, went out on the back porch, and sat down on the steps.

Katie said, "He's my father now. I think your imagination is perfectly dreadful."

Elizabeth thought so too. In her mind she saw the Dragon lying dead, and forth from it springing an archangel with red-gold hair and a red-gold beard. She said appealingly, "Your father has an awful nice smile, Katie."

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 3

It was old Bob Doyle, the station master, who saved Cameron further embarrassment and possible trouble by coming to his aid.

"Hello, lad," interceded Bob, regarding Cameron with softly hospitable eyes which had come from long years of contact with traveling humanity. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Imagine that bird gettin' sore just because I go to help him with his grip!" piped up the hack driver, appealing to old Bob.

The station master smiled at Cameron considerably.

"You're too all-fired enterprising sometimes, Piggy," he remarked. "Everyone isn't used to having his luggage lifted in that fashion. Where do you want to go, lad?"

Cameron fidgeted uneasily. The town loafers about the station edged over within hearing distance. For some reason everyone seemed interested in his reply.

"I—I don't know," said Cameron honestly.

"You—you don't know!" repeated the station master in frank surprise.

"No, sir," confessed Cameron, hardly knowing what to say and not wanting to commit himself before those who had gathered about him.

The hack driver broke into a cackling laugh. "Ha! Ha! It's a good thing I didn't get him for a fare. Nowhere ain't no ride!"

There was only one in the crowd that Cameron felt he could trust. He turned to the station master. "If you don't mind, I'd like to speak to you alone, sir."

Old Bob bowed agreeably, motioning toward the station.

"Right in here, son." At the door, the station master turned and waved off the curious ones who would have trooped inside.

"Beat it, will you?" he urged. "The kid's in trouble!"

FACES peered in the windows as old Bob led Cameron inside the ticket office and had him put his bag down and take a seat in the one-armed chair.

"Never mind those gawky-eyed loons out there," said the station master, kindly. "What you up against, lad?"

Cameron clenched his fists nervously. He wanted to tell this new-found friend everything, and yet his developed sense of caution kept him from saying any more than he absolutely had to.

"My name's Cameron MacBain," he said, simply. "I'm a nephew of the Cameron MacBain who—"

"You don't say!" exclaimed the station master. "I knew him well!"

Cameron leaped to his feet in unrestrained joy.

"You did?"

"Sure," said the station master. "That's nothing to get excited about. Everybody around these parts knew Cameron MacBain."

"Well, well, maybe you can help me then," said Cameron, uncertainly. "You see, I—"

"You've come to claim the property, I suppose?"

"V—yes," admitted Cameron, stealing a glance at the eyes peering in through the windows.

"Come quite a ways, too," observed the station master, kindly, in an effort to relieve the boy's nervousness.

"All the way from Fort Seldon!" exclaimed Cameron, with full appreciation now of just how far he had really traveled.

"Fort Seldon?" queried Bob, scratching his head. "Fort Seldon? Well, son, you've got one on me. I've heard of forts before, plenty of 'em, but Fort Seldon—now where in thunder is that? What railroad's it on?"

Cameron hesitated, perplexed.

"Why, I—it isn't on any railroad; and I don't know as I could exactly tell you where it is. It's just a little trading post down in

Cameron MacBain Backwoodsman

By HAROLD M. SHERMAN and HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

the MacKenzie River valley, about two and a half weeks from the end of steel!"

The station master stared at Cameron, his lower jaw dropping open. Then he shook his head slowly.

"You still haven't told me anything. The MacKenzie River valley might be in South Africa for all of me. You'll have to excuse my poor knowledge of geography. Try me on some parts of the country where there's railroads!"

Cameron's face brightened considerably. He smiled.

"Excuse me, Mr.—er—Mr.—"

"Bob Doyle," obliged the station master.

"Well, Moulton Pierce must hear of this. By radio! Say, you're not kidding me?"

"No, sir," assured Cameron, truthfully. "Some surveyors—they had a set, and they showed it to me one day and—"

"Great suffering smoke!" exclaimed old Bob, now highly excited. "That's wonderful, lad, wonderful! And you've come all this distance from—from Fort Seldon, wherever that is—just on a radio message?"

Cameron nodded. "Father couldn't come. He's factor of the post. So he sent me. And besides, there wasn't any time to waste, according to what they said over the radio."

"That's right," recollected the station

have given about anything to have kept you from arriving, or even hearing that your folks had this coming to 'em!"

"Just—just what do you mean by that?" There was deep concern in Cameron's face and a trace of fear—fear of the unknown. The station master put a reassuring hand on Cameron's arm.

"Oh, maybe I don't mean anything at all, son. It may be all guesswork on my part. But there are certain individuals in this town that have been mighty anxious to get their fingers on your uncle's holdings for some years, and, seeing as how he had made a prospective provision in his will giving his property to certain charitable organizations with which these certain individuals have now managed to become connected, it looks to me like there is pretty close to, as we say, 'something rotten in Denmark!'"

CAMERON stiffened. He was desperately tired from the long trip and had counted on a bit of relaxation when he should reach Deep River. But now, this suggestion of trouble and possible opposition and unpleasantness chilled him. He felt a sinking sensation of the heart, but it had scarcely

occurred when a something within him rose to the occasion, and braced him against whatever might come. He had journeyed too far, he reasoned with himself, to let circumstances overcome him now. There was too much at stake, and, more than that, there was the faith of his father and mother in him; he had assured them that he could take care of himself, that he could accomplish the mission on which he had been sent. Why,—and Cameron started at this thought,—if there was feeling in the community over his uncle's property, wasn't it just possible that his father's brother had met with some sort of foul play? "How did my uncle die?" Cameron demanded of old Bob, suspiciously.

"Now, now—don't get yourself all worked up over this thing," soothed the station master. "I reckon I'd better have kept my mouth shut. There hasn't been any crime committed—yet anyway. Your uncle died in a perfectly natural fashion; that is, as natural as anyone dies. The folks I was referring to might have wanted your uncle's property,

and they might still want it, but they wouldn't resort to no violence to get it, not unless I'm sadly mistaken. They stand too high in this here community to risk doing anything very much out of the way!"

Somehow, old Bob's effort to smooth things over failed to reassure Cameron. He felt himself bristling with the desire to get out and to do some investigating on his own account, but immediately there came to him the realization that he did not know where to begin. He considered, ruefully, that he was in a trifle worse case than a ship without a rudder, and, yes, minus a pilot, too!

"Who—who should I see first?" Cameron asked, a bit tremulously. "Is there some one looking after my uncle's property?"

"There's three!" chuckled the station master. "Your uncle made three men executors of his will."

"Executors?" repeated Cameron, puzzled. "What are they?"

"They're just common everyday people usually," explained old Bob, eyes twinkling, "people whose duty it is to see that the folks mentioned in a will get what's coming to them."

"Oh, I see," said Cameron, vaguely.

"The man I think you ought to go to first is out of town just at present," said the station master, "and he won't be back for at least two days. That's Moulton Pierce. He's the best friend Cameron MacBain had.



Cameron raised his eyes to stare at a big-chested man who sat behind a flat-topped desk. "How do you do?" said the man. The words fairly boomed out, and Cameron jumped

"Mr. Doyle, I'm not really laughing at you. It just makes me feel good to know that—well, to know that you don't know any more about my part of the country than I do about yours!"

It was getting harder and harder for old Bob to make this strange young fellow out. Just what relation his not knowing anything about Fort Seldon or the MacKenzie River valley had to do with Cameron's not knowing anything about Deep River was a crossword puzzle entirely beyond figuring. Why should such a fact be cause for elation? Well, the kid needed humoring; perhaps he'd better act as though he could appreciate the peculiar circumstances.

Cameron looked about cautiously, then bent forward, lowering his voice.

"Thanks, Mr. Doyle. There are a few things I'd like to get set right on. In the first place, I don't know anything about my uncle Cameron MacBain, except what father's told me, and father hasn't known anything about him since they left Scotland together, over twenty years ago."

Old Bob Doyle scraped back his chair, his face registering astonishment.

"That so? Well, how'd you get wise to his being dead, and his possible heirs being advertised for?"

Cameron swallowed. It still seemed unbelievable.

"By—by radio," he said.

"By radio!" The station master whistled.

master interestedly. "The whole town's been stirred up over this estate, and whether or not anybody would come forward to claim it. You see your uncle MacBain was the richest man in Deep River."

Cameron started, eyes widening.

"He—he was?"

"Yep, and he left some very valuable property—very valuable indeed. Look—you can see some of it from this window!"

Old Bob Doyle got up and shuffled over toward the line of faces pressed against the pane, Cameron following.

"Get away from there!" he ordered, shooting at the peepers-in.

The faces vanished, and Cameron and the station master stood looking out, the window commanding a view down the main street of the town. Old Bob raised his hand in a pointing gesture.

"See that corner store on the left-hand side?"

"Yes."

"That's the biggest store in Deep River. Does the most business, too. Jeffrey Hale runs it. He was assistant manager under your uncle when Mr. MacBain was alive. Your uncle owned a big tract of land along the river, too, and property on both sides of the main road!"

Cameron could not suppress a gasp.

"Oh, you've fallen into luck right!" cried Old Bob. "But I'll bet there'll be some folks in this community that would

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Mr. Bob Doyle, the
station master

It was him that had the radio message sent out. He's a traveling salesman, and he's only home week-ends, sometimes not even then. I'd send you up to his house to see his wife only she's gone now, too—up to visit her mother."

Cameron gave old Bob a queer look, which the station master easily translated. He laughed.

"Oh, there isn't anybody in this town who does very much that I don't know about. I'm right where I get it all. Benbow Evans, 'the real estate magnate,'—that's what we call him,—he's another executor. But the next one to Pierce that you ought to see is lawyer John Stearns. He's just down the street here about half a block. See his sign, 'John Stearns, Attorney-at-Law'?" Well, his office is on the second floor, right in front. You'd better run up there as soon as you can, because it's getting late and he might be going home."

Cameron glanced at the railroad station clock. It said ten minutes to five.

"Thanks, Mr. Doyle. I guess I will. Say—what'll I do with my things?"

"Leave them here till you get back," replied old Bob; "I won't be leaving till seven."

Cameron hesitated at the entrance to the flight of stairs leading up to lawyer Stearns's office. His heart was hammering uncomfortably. He couldn't understand just why, but the thought of meeting strange people brought a smothering, self-conscious kind of feeling. Cameron had never encountered such a sensation before. He knew now, as he struggled with this disturbing emotion, that this had been the real reason why he had shunned folks on the trip. He had been more afraid of them than he had been filled with distrust—afraid of how they might regard him, afraid of not doing the right thing in their presence, afraid of not being able to express himself from embarrassment.

There was a railing at the top of the stairs and a long, dark hallway. At the front of this hallway was a door which bore the words, "John Stearns—Private," across the frosted glass. But it was the door opposite the landing, minus the word "private," at which the trembling son of the Hudson's Bay factor sought entrance. Cameron raised his knuckles and knocked.

A typewriter which had been clicking inside suddenly stopped, then started up again. The knuckles twitched nervously and tapped against the frosted pane once more. A chair scraped back, and footsteps moved toward the door. Cameron felt the blood rush to his temples.

"Hello!"

THE person who confronted him was a woman, a woman in shell-rimmed spectacles. By the glance she gave him, Cameron could tell that she was about as startled as he was. There was an awkward moment as each sized the other up.

"What can I do for you?" The woman seemed to be struggling to keep her face straight.

"Why, why, nothing, thanks," Cameron stammered, feeling his face flush. "I—I came to see Mr. Stearns."

The face could keep straight no longer. The lines relaxed into an amused smile which added to Cameron's discomfort. It suddenly occurred to him that he had forgotten to doff his cap. Oh, this was terrible! What must the woman be thinking of him? Why did he have to be fussed like this?

"Won't you come in?"

The voice was pleasantly inviting. Cameron nodded, not daring to trust himself in speech. He moved in slowly, almost warily, as the woman swung the door open wider, revealing a dingy little room. A small typewriter desk stood straight ahead and a telephone stand beside it. Cameron recognized the telephone instantly with a flashing remembrance of his one experience over it. Two chairs were placed against the wall at his left, and there was a closed door, stained a dull red, which undoubtedly led into the sanctum sanctorum of lawyer John Stearns.

"Have a chair," directed the woman. But Cameron shook his head. He couldn't sit down. He was too much wound up inside. Besides, it wouldn't be right—she standing

and he sitting! Not if his mother's teaching had been correct.

"Who shall I tell him is calling?" The amused expression on the woman's face was very obvious now.

The factor's son fingered his cap, nervously.

"Cameron MacBain," he said, in a voice that was low and unsteady. He imagined that he saw the woman with the shell-rimmed spectacles start and catch her breath.

"MacBain!" she gasped, her face losing its expression of amusement.

"That's right, ma'am," answered Cameron, simply.

"Wait here just a minute!"

The door to Mr. Stearns's inner office opened and closed, leaving Cameron to himself. He stood, anxiously, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. Inside he could hear the hum of voices. It wasn't exactly a hum either. One of the voices sounded harsh and gruff.

After what seemed a small eternity the door opened and the woman came out, sober-faced. She left the door ajar, motioning to Cameron as she did so.

"You may go in," she said.

IT was then that the factor's son felt as if he were on board a merry-go-round. The room suddenly reeled, and the floor almost slipped out from under him. He caught the door knob just in time, conscious that the woman was regarding him queerly. By a great effort of will, Cameron pulled himself together and stepped inside the room. He left the door open, however, having a hazy idea that his escape would be easier should he desire to leave quickly. But the woman heartlessly drew the door shut after him. Cameron raised his eyes to stare across the room at a big-chested man who sat behind a flat-topped desk.

"How do you do?" said the man. The words fairly boomed out, and Cameron jumped.

"Pretty well, sir. I—my name's Cameron MacBain."

"That so?"

The eyes of the big-chested man seemed to be boring the factor's son through and through and then, coming to the surface, examining every inch of his person from top to toe. Cameron stood, just inside the door, awkwardly awaiting instructions. The instructions finally came.

"Come over here, won't you?"

Cameron approached the desk as one would approach his doom.

"Sit down."

The factor's son balked mildly at this.

"No, thanks. You see, sir, I—"

"Sit down. It doesn't cost you anything!"

Cameron sat. He was entirely unaccustomed to being dealt with by such gruffness. Or was it gruffness? Mr. Stearns was smiling now. Perhaps this was just his way.

"That's better. Now you're comfortable, and so am I. Stranger in this town, aren't you?"

Cameron's heart got over some of its pounding.

"Yes, sir."

He didn't know just how to begin. It seemed as if the mere mention of his name should have been enough. Why, in the north country a man in Mr. Stearns's position would have just about jumped over the desk to shake hands if the relative of a well-known resident had called! There'd have been nothing too good for the visitor. He'd have been shown every attention, fairly showered with hospitality, made to feel entirely at home.

"Well, young man, what did you wish to see me about?"

Such a question for a man to ask—a man who was an executor of his uncle's estate, and who was thoroughly familiar with the name MacBain!

"Why, why, I'm a nephew, the only nephew, of my uncle, Cameron MacBain—whom I was named after," the factor's son explained, lamely. "My father sent me here to—claim the property he left."

This certainly should be enough, this and the letter of introduction, written by Matthew MacBain, factor of the Fort Seldon trading post. Cameron put a fumbling hand into his pocket and brought out the letter.

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"Here—my father's written you a note about it!"

Lawyer Stearns took the proffered letter. He tore the end off the envelope roughly—unevenly. This is what he read:

To whom it may concern:

The bearer of this note is my son, Cameron MacBain, whom I have authorized to represent me in making full claim to what rights I have in the estate left me by my brother, also named Cameron MacBain. My son is acting on the strength of a radio message received by us from station XCX at St. Paul, Minnesota, my duties as factor of this post preventing my appearing in person.

Signed this 10th day of August, 1925,
At the Hudson's Bay Trading Post,
Fort Seldon,
Northwest Territory,
Canada.

Matthew MacBain
Factor of the Post

The stationery used was that of the Hudson's Bay Company, which Matthew MacBain had procured in a shipment of goods, and which he no doubt considered would lend official dignity to the writing. The stationery contained the company's coat of arms, a shield supported on each side by the rearing form of a deer.

LAWYER STEARNS took his time in perusing the sheet. The coat of arms seemed to catch his fancy, for he sat rubbing a chubby finger over it. Then he leaned back in his chair and read the letter again, Cameron watching him with growing uneasiness. What was going on in this man's mind? Why was he acting with such great deliberateness? The facts were all there, to be perceived at a glance!

Finally, Mr. Stearns looked up. His lips stiffened into a hard line. Cameron drew back instinctively. A chubby hand slapped the letter down upon the desk and a big voice boomed out.

"This letter doesn't mean a thing!"

For a moment Cameron sat stunned. Then he leaped to his feet with a cry of protest.

"Sit down, boy!" ordered Mr. Stearns, unmoved. "You've evidently got lots to learn. That letter isn't any identification at all!"

The word "identification" was a new one to Cameron. He had not thought of the note from his father as being used to identify him. He had considered it more in the light of an introduction. It had never occurred to him that anyone would question who he actually was. And he had presented this note only with the idea of saving embarrassment, of establishing a better basis of acquaintanceship between this gruff, big-chested man and himself.

"What? You—you don't believe I'm—I'm who I am?" he asked, dazedly.

"I wouldn't put it quite that way," said Mr. Stearns, eyeing Cameron shrewdly. "But you've got to have more positive proof than that, that you're who you say you are, before you can file any claim to the estate of the Cameron MacBain of Deep River!"

The factor's son stared at the big-chested man in open-mouthed perplexity and dismay.

"Such as—as what?" he demanded dumbly.

"Well, you ought to have a certified statement or some personal form of identification," rejoined the lawyer; "something that would be recognized in court."

"But how could I get anything like that up where I came from?" asked Cameron, his voice wavering. "Besides, up at Fort Seldon we take folks at their word. How would we know that folks in other places wouldn't take us at our word?"

"The world isn't the same all over," answered lawyer Stearns, easily. "We've got to be a little more careful down here than you have to be away up where you are. You've almost got a law of your own. Maybe you don't need any laws at all. I don't know. I've never been very far north. But it would have been a good thing for you if your father or some one up there had thought to have you smear your fingers with lampblack and had you put your finger prints on this paper, and then signed your name across 'em. Then you'd have had something that we could have checked up on. As it is, all we've got here is a letter which, as I said before, doesn't mean a thing!"

Cameron looked down at the piece of stationery and his father's handwriting. How good that handwriting looked! And how well he knew it! How incredible it seemed that his father's handwriting was not sufficient to prove who he was! To think that anyone would doubt that this writing



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was his father's or that he was the son of the man who had written or that he was Cameron MacBain at all! Cameron picked up the letter tenderly. There was something so personal about it. The handwriting seemed to give him courage. Matthew MacBain—his father! And he—the son—was in trouble.

He was facing a situation that had him stumped. There was nothing more that he could say to this big-chested man who talked in terms of law. The thing for him to do was to get out, to go back to the railroad station and consult old Bob, the only friend he had. Cameron had no distinct recollection of how he got out of lawyer Stearns's office, except that he knew he bolted in order that no one might see the tears which sprang unbidden to his eyes and streamed down his face. He was conscious, however, of taking the steps to the sidewalk, two at a time.

Upstairs, the door between the inner and the outer office wide open, a big-chested man strode impatiently back and forth while a woman with shell-rimmed spectacles plied the receiver of the telephone up and down.

"When you get Evans on the line, tell him I must see him at once!" he bellowed. "Get Hale, too! Tell him to come right over from the store. Very important!"

An extremely dejected youth found his way back to the railroad station and burst in upon old Bob. The station agent, seated at his telegraph key, whirled about in surprise.

"Well, son! What's the matter? What's happened?"

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"A Triumph of Youth," page 138

1. Who is George Young?
2. What handicaps did he have to overcome before making his success?

Fact and Comment, page 140

1. What is your definition of humor?
2. What is the funniest joke you have ever heard?
3. Who was George Meredith? Artemus Ward?

This Busy World, page 140

1. Where is Shanghai? Why has it been in the news recently?
2. Who is Frank L. Smith?
3. Who was the Empress Carlotta? Who was her husband, and what was his fate?
4. Has the United States any treaty relations with Turkey?

Stamps to Stick, page 147

1. What troops marched on Rome in 1922? Who was their leader?

Children's Page, page 146

1. Who was Narcissus, and what happened to him?

Such questions—and the list can be extended indefinitely out of any issue of The Youth's Companion—show the educational value of the magazine that touches life and literature at so many different points. Every week Miss Dorothy Danforth, an experienced junior high-school teacher, prepares one of these lesson plans. "Her work is certainly splendid," writes a Connecticut teacher. "It has waked up what was a very bored and uninterested group of boys. They have read more worth-while material in the past two months, of their own free will, than they have ever read before. To have the plans come all prepared is a great help; and it seems that such helpful and inspiring service ought to be given wider publicity."

Any teacher who would like full particulars may have them on request.

VICTORY

MR. LEW SARETT, author, preacher and outdoor man, possesses the fine and firm courage that follows the conquest of natural timidity. The final crisis in a struggle of years, was reached when, while a forest ranger, carrying a precious tray of trout eggs from one lake to another, he encountered an old silver tip grizzly in a narrow gorge. He was

It was a moment before Cameron could get his breath. He had been greatly unnerved by his contact with the man whom old Bob had advised him to see. Perhaps Mr. Stearns's cool refusal to accept what credentials he had to offer may have been strictly good business, but to Cameron it seemed unfair and inhuman. It was only natural, however, that he should have experience. This had been his first real dealing with an individual on a business basis—a basis where friendship was pushed into the background and matters were considered in the light of their importance alone. Cameron hadn't thought of this, except in reference to being able to prove his relation to the subject at hand.

"I—he wouldn't take my word for a thing!" gasped Cameron, at last, handing over the letter written by Matthew MacBain. "He said this wasn't any good, that I couldn't lay claim to my uncle's property till I proved to him who I was!"

The station master puckered his brows and studied the letter carefully.

"H'mmm!" he said, and then again, "H'mmm!"

Cameron stood by, awaiting old Bob's verdict with an anxiety which was all but overwhelming.

"You believe that note's from my father, don't you?" Cameron asked, unable to restrain himself longer.

Old Bob cleared his throat.

"Yes, son, I do. But I guess, at that, Mr. Stearns was acting within his legal

MISCELLANY

unarmed, and a shout did not scare the brute, which only growled. It began to seem to Mr. Sarett quite unnecessary to stock that lake—nobody would fish in it for years, his family needed him; if he dumped the trays then and there and turned back, nobody would ever know; but then, as he recently related in the American Magazine, flashed the instant response from his inner self—"But I'll know! I'll know!" It was decisive.

"I offered up a short prayer. 'God,' I said, 'give me strength to pass that bear!' I stood up, picked up my trays, and started on."

"I came nearly opposite the bear. He was perhaps six feet from me, perhaps eight. He stopped his berry-gathering and slowly, in the shambling, awkward, but fearfully impressive fashion of a grizzly, reared up on his hind feet. He was taller than I.

"Grooff! Grooff!"

"He weaved back and forth. He swung his head from side to side. He shuffled one foot forward. He took another step. A stretch of his paw and he could have knocked me to kingdom come. I stopped. The bear stopped too. Thus we stood—for how long I don't know.

"Gr-ooff!"

"Slowly the bear dropped down and resumed his berry-picking! Slowly, not to rouse him, I began walking forward again. That was all."

All, and enough. It was victory.

A DOG OF FLANDERS

IF Lolo, a dog of Flanders whose story has recently been told by a French writer, had lived in the days of the Great War instead of sixty-five years earlier, though his end would probably have been the same, he would have earned applause and medals before he was shot, and a very different kind of fame afterwards.

Lolo belonged to a smuggler, and became, in his innocent doggyish devotion, a proud and proficient smuggler himself. Lace was the merchandise in which his rascally master dealt, and he devised an ingenious method of getting it across the French frontier. He bought two young dogs from the same litter identically colored and marked. One he killed, and from her hide he made a coat to fit the other, Lolo. When a smuggling trip was to be undertaken, he shaved Lolo, who was a beautiful spaniel with long, silky hair, leaving only his head and legs untouched. Then he wound the shorn body closely with yards upon yards of lace and fastened tightly over the lace the dog-fur jacket. The wavy hair concealed the meeting of dog and garment; Lolo, to any inquisitive neighbor's eye, looked just as usual.

At first the master made the trips himself, and Lolo merely trotted at his heels. But when the dog knew well the place to which the lace was always taken, and the men who undressed and unwound him there, he was gradually trained to make the trip himself. The oddest thing was that he soon acquired

rights. You see, when you're handling anything as important and as valuable as a big estate, the law reads pretty straight. Nobody knows your father down here, and nobody knows you; and for one to recommend the other doesn't make a stranger any more certain who's who. Especially where there's a business transaction to take place; then the stranger is going to play mighty safe. You can't really blame Mr. Stearns for going slow, when you think it over. If I were you, I'd rustle around and get word to your daddy and have him send some real evidence down here to back you up!"

"But I can't!" protested Cameron. "I haven't any way of reaching him—till the boat next summer!"

"What?"

"We only have two mail deliveries a year up there, when the boats come; and that would be too late anyway."

Old Bob drummed his fingers on the table and whistled softly. Then he raised a finger, crooked it, and scratched his head gingerly.

"H'mmm! You are in a fix, aren't you? But don't you know some one else—at some other place—who could help you?"

Cameron thought a moment, hopefully, but only for a moment. His hope quickly vanished.

"No. I've lived all my life at Fort Seldon. I don't reckon anyone else would know me well enough to do me any good!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

YAGOUBE'S MAGIC

JAMES BRUCE, adventurer and explorer, whose story has recently been retold in "A Book of Gallant Vagabonds," was one of the earliest European visitors to the court of Abyssinia. While there, he thrashed, in the palace precincts, a man who called him a liar, while he was explaining some of the latest possibilities of gunnery. Brayling in the King's house was punishable with death, but his intercession saved the life of his provocative insult. The King's curiosity, however, was aroused by his courtier's report of the discussion:

"Yagoube,"—this was the name the Abyssinians had given to Bruce,—"did you soberly say to Guebra Mascall that the end of a fallow candle in a gun in your hand would do more execution than an iron bullet in his?"

"Will piercing the table on which your dinner is served at the length of this room be sufficient proof?"

"Ah, Yagoube," warned the King incredulously, "take care what you say!"

A test was quickly arranged. Yagoube called for a gun, and under the eyes of the King and his attendants loaded it with half a farthing candle. Slaves then brought forth three stout battle-shields of toughest and thickest bull-hide and set them one behind the other. The hall grew quiet and tense with expectation.

Yagoube aimed the gun: there was a crash and a reek of powder-smoke, then a roar of amazement and approval. The candle had pierced all three shields! Then followed the turning on its side of the royal table, of three-quarter inch sycamore, another shot and a wilder, more exultant roar. The other half of the candle had gone, cleanly through the table-top.

The principle involved is a simple matter of physics, but such "learning of the devil" had not yet reached Abyssinia. The seeming miracle was credited by the Abyssinians with profound respect, to the mighty magic of Yagoube.

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How To Buy a Horse

By PARKHURST WHITNEY

KNOWING one breed of horses, you are more or less capable of judging all breeds. I am writing particularly for those persons who want a horse that can be put to the harrow, that can team up when it is necessary to get the hay in quickly, and still can take the family to church on Sunday in a reasonable degree of style.

There is no trickier individual than the tricky horse dealer. The buyer should deal only with a man known to himself, or to his friends, as reputable. The horse should be seen in his stall, shown in hand, and ridden or driven before the price is mentioned. A veterinary examination and a few days' trial should be demanded before the deal is consummated. Only then can you be sure that you are not paying a good price for a bad horse.

Look out for a dealer who tries to avoid stall examination. Shoe prints on the side walls and scars on the hind legs mean that

does the deep chest, means lung power. The short back means close coöperation between front and rear—concentrated strength and smooth action.

The ewe neck, or pronounced throatiness, is homely, but not disabling. High withers mean speed rather than pulling power. A sunken back is a sign of age. A long back means weakness, poor muscular coördination. The long neck is for the racer rather than the working horse. If a horse stands with his knees slightly bent, if they are scarred, if the hand detects lumps or bunches—beware: he is a stumbler!

Be even more critical when you examine his hind quarters, for here is the seat of his motive power. Croup, buttock and thigh should show well-rounded development. The tail should be set on fairly high, in most cases. If you meet considerable resistance when you try to lift his tail, that is a sign of vitality. A line drawn from the center of his buttocks to his hoofs should cut the exact

center of hock and hoof. And from the side, hock to hoof should be another straight line. A cow-hocked horse has his hocks turned in and his toes turned out. A sickle-hocked horse carries his leg forward, from hock to hoof. These are unsightly defections, but not necessarily causes for rejection.

Coarse-bred horses may have coarse hocks, but take care! Enlargements at this vital point are assumed to be spavins or thoroughpins until examination has proved otherwise. Spavins often cause complete disability. A bone spavin is a bony enlargement in the inside of the hock. A bog

spavin is in the front part of the hock. A thoroughpin is an inflammation in the hock, sometimes in the knee. These are all serious.

If one part of a horse ranks all others, it is the hoof. It should be dark gray or black, solid, rather smooth or oily to the touch, free from cracks and from any suggestion that it will crack under strain, and neither very flat nor very high. An offensive smell in the hoof is a symptom of a disease called thrush, which is a severe handicap. Also examine the fetlock joints for swellings known as wind-galls.

As for white hoofs, this doggerel contains good advice: "One white foot, buy; two white feet, try; three white feet, decline. Four white feet and a blaze on the nose, cut their heads off and throw them to the crows!"

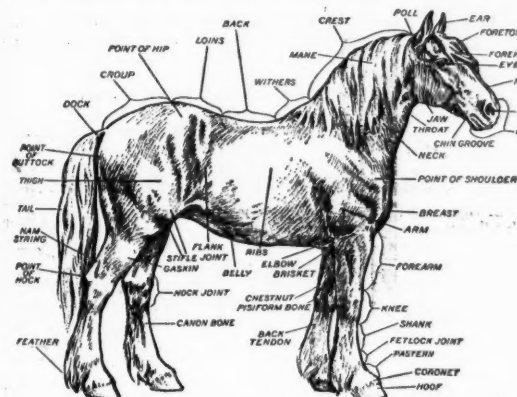
Testing the Horse in Action

Walk him first: his feet should be brought up quickly, carried forward in a long stride, and as quickly set down again. Then he should be harnessed, trotted, finally forced to canter or run. His trot should be square, without shuffling, wabbling, mixed gaits or interfering. A vigorous, whole-hearted trot spells vitality. Lameness shows more in the trot than in the walk or the canter.

Let the gallop test the wind. If when pulled up he breathes heavily, with a peculiar and unmistakable movement of the flanks, he has the heaves. If he whistles when he inhales, he is a roarer and has what is called broken wind. Both are serious.

Tricks of Dishonest Dealers

Now, if you are dealing with a reputable man, you should know something about your horse. Dishonest dealers have innumerable tricks. Sometimes they file the teeth of an old horse to give them the cupped appearance of a young animal. Or they may fix a lame or spavined leg with a dose of cocaine. Or they may inject air into the hollows over the eyes to hide age. But suppose you are dealing with a man whose character is above reproach. Deduct a few dollars here and there for minor faults exposed in your examination and make your offer. It will not meet his price, of course, but a little bargaining gives zest to the transaction. Finally ask for a few days' trial at home before any money changes hands. The reputable dealer will not refuse.



Some important parts of a horse's anatomy

the horse is a kicker. A horse that throws his head and fore quarters from side to side is a weaver. Look out for "stall trotting." A horse that has this trick is nervous and wastes his energy. The sucking noise that a "wind sucker" makes is unmistakable; he is subject to colic. Don't buy him. A horse that "points"—stands with one leg relaxed—may be lame.

A quick glance at the coat, as the horse is led from the stall, should tell you something about his general condition. A healthy horse has a soft, glossy coat. Color is unimportant; a good horse always has good color.

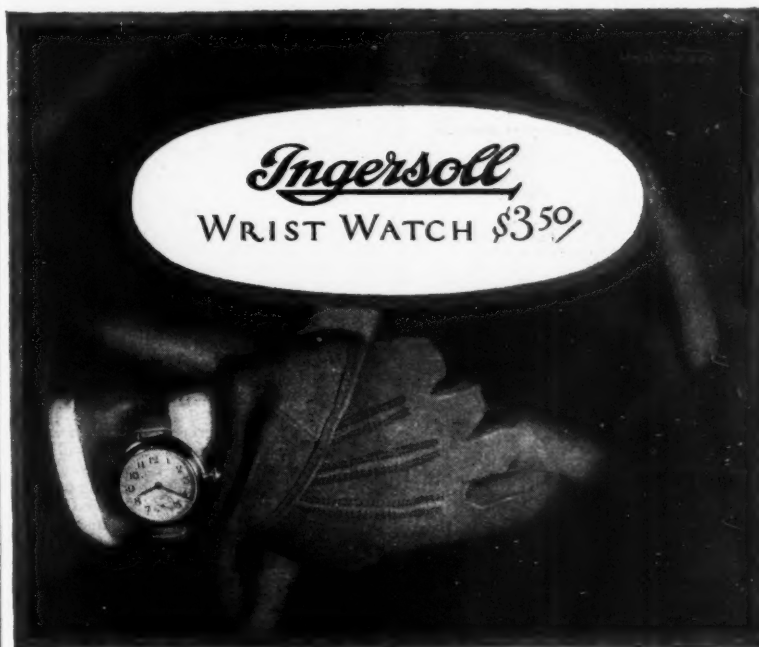
The Detailed Examination

The head should be small. The big-headed horse is likely to be both sluggish and headstrong. The eyes should be full, mild and widely spaced. Small, sunken eyes indicate poor sight or sluggish temperament. Deep hollows above the eyes are a sign of age. The ears should be carried up and a little forward. Ears constantly moving may mean either nervousness or blindness. The teeth should meet squarely. The teeth of a young horse are at right angles to the jaw; those of an old horse appear to be a continuation of the jaw. A horse's age can be told by his teeth with reasonable accuracy to the age of nine. Don't put too much emphasis on age. Much good work is done by old men and old horses.

A vicious, stubborn, wilful horse is betrayed by too much white in the eye, by close-set eyes, by ears laid back or locked over the poll, and by a Roman nose. Also, look out for a horse that has both a big head and a long back.

The neck should be nicely proportioned to the rest of the body, and a little arched or crested, in order to give the best action in the forelegs. Deep shoulders, as indicated by prominent withers, are always desirable, but not so essential as in a saddle horse. But a horse should always have muscular development at the point of the shoulder.

The horse should have a wide, deep chest, but not so wide that the forelegs appear stuck on or so thin that he interferes; straight forelegs, in which a hand passed from knee to hoof will detect no lumps or swellings; a short straight back; and well-sprung ribs that make the girth behind the shoulders resemble a barrel. This last, as



A Wrist Watch for Men and Boys

BOYS, if it were ten or fifteen years ago, before the war changed things, there'd be some of you who would rather not be seen with a wrist watch. The names you'd have been called!

The war came and we couldn't begin to supply the demand. Today, next to the Yankee, the Wrist watch is our second biggest seller. Men and boys buy it who want a wrist watch that doesn't need to be coddled and petted. It keeps time even if it is a wrist watch, which is something that can't be said for a whole lot of so-called wrist watches.

The new model with the metal dial is illustrated. Price \$3.50. Wrist Radiolite, that tells time in the dark, \$4.00. Ingersoll dealers everywhere.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.

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Four Famous INGERSOLL Watch Names

YANKEE • ECLIPSE • JUNIOR • MIDGET

All these names have been known to America since the turn of the Century, the Yankee and Eclipse since 1893. The watches that these names have appeared on have always been noted for their dependability and trustworthiness.

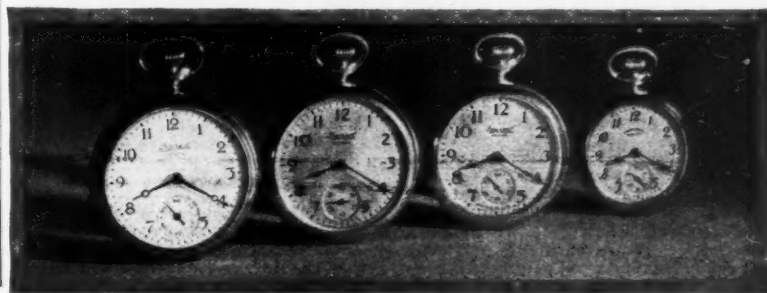
And this is true today. Vary-

ing in size, varying in price, the present day Yankee, Eclipse, Junior and Midget are one when it comes to timekeeping ability.

All four have recently been greatly improved and refined in outward design and appearance and all four are

now selling at lower prices than they were just a few short months back.

Prices: Yankee \$1.50; Eclipse \$2.50; Junior \$3.25; Midget \$3.25; With luminous dials that tell time in the dark, \$2.25; \$3.25; \$4.00; \$3.75.



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FACT AND COMMENT

THE present complexity of civilization could not be maintained except by people of strong moral fibre.—Calvin Coolidge.

JUST as the city-planners and traffic experts are saying out loud what they think of the skyscraper as a cause of congestion and confusion in street and subway, up goes the tremendous Book building in Detroit, while in New York they are drawing plans for a Larkin tower that is intended to be 110 stories—almost a quarter of a mile—high. It's no use to compare these structures with Babel—that venerable tower was surpassed long ago.

AMERICANS are the greatest rubbish scatterers in the world. Most of us seem to think that it is one of the inalienable rights of man to deface the streets and parks and roadsides by throwing about any waste material that happens to encumber us. The other day we read in an English newspaper that a young man was fined five shillings for leaving some chocolate paper and tin foil under a bench in a London park. In New York or Boston or Chicago would anyone have so much as shaken a finger at him?

THE SPIRIT OF PLAY

INTERCOLLEGIATE sport is like the weather; some one is always finding fault with it, but nothing is ever done about it. Within a few weeks President Lowell of Harvard has called attention to the fact that modern athletic games have become spectacles instead of sports, more like the games of the Roman Coliseum or the famous races that upset the people of Constantinople than like the voluntary matches of fifty years ago played for the fun of the thing by those who really had a good time playing them. And President Faunce of Brown strikes the same note, deploring the money that is spent, the highly professional coaching that is employed, and the public commotion that results during the football season. But the college authorities go gingerly about the business. They do not seem to feel any confidence in their ability to reduce these tremendous athletic contests to their proper proportions in the minds of students and alumni alike. The djinn is out of the bottle, and not even the wisest of college presidents seem to have the magic word that will put him back in again. One theory is that we Americans have lost our sense of "play." Professor Odell Shepard of Trinity College, whose verses have often appeared in *The Youth's Companion*, says that is the trouble. It sounds a little queer at first, when we think of the passionate interest we take in sport, of the pages devoted to athletic games in the daily papers, of the golf clubs that flourish all over the country, of the unending succession of school and college games—football, hockey, basketball, baseball, rowing, track and field meets, and all the rest of it.

But Professor Shepard says we turn all our games into work, through hard and continual training, into business, by encouraging the transformation of them into great spectacles for the amusement of millions who never play themselves. More and more athletics become a means of livelihood, not a form of relaxation. Even tennis, the most "amateur" of games, has been invaded by that spirit. He thinks golf players either devote themselves to the game as if it were

their business in life or excuse their participation in the game as a means of "keeping fit" for more work. The spirit of play, that genial irresponsible surrender now and then to the mere doing of something because it is fun, without which most men are dull boys indeed, he finds conspicuously absent from our sports.

Perhaps he is right; certainly we tend more and more to get our relaxation by paying other people to "play" for our amusement. That is not a healthy thing for any people, though it seems to be, in some strange way, inseparable from the growth of any civilization from simplicity to complexity. We grow less childlike, more sophisticated, less fond of losing ourselves in the fun of pretending or in the joy of physical exercise for its own sake. Our youngsters are older in many of their mental attitudes than the grown people of a few centuries ago were. But in them rests all our hope of bringing back gaiety and pure delight into our sports. If they would only agree not to ape the grim, business-like manners of their game-playing or game-watching elders, forget about "the team," and find their fun in universal participation in informal, unorganized sport, with no flavor of money or of "championship" about it! In that way the sport of play might come to be reborn.

THE BOY "ON HIS OWN"

THE woman's father, her grandfather and her great-grandfather, each in his turn, had cleared a piece of land, made a farm of it and wrestled from it a living for himself and his family. The woman herself had been born on a farm. Now she was visiting a branch of the family in the Middle West.

The farm work was in the hands of a seventeen-year-old son, and it was harvest time. The morning after the woman's arrival she was awakened by the sound of a tractor and a harvesting machine, and after breakfast she and her hostess, the boy's mother, went out to the field.

On the seat of the tractor sat the boy, driving, and beside him Rex, the dog, his tongue hanging out, and every muscle tense with interest and delight.

"It was a big field—acres and acres of grain," says the woman. "It had been no small task for the boy to sow and care for it, and it seemed to me a heavy undertaking for one of his age to harvest it. The machines made too much noise to allow us to talk, but every time he came round to where his mother and I were stacking the sheaves he smiled, and there was a look on his face that thrilled me. It said, 'I can do it!'"

"As he sat there on the seat of his tractor, swaying easily to the irregular motion, flushed with the heat and wet with sweat, he seemed to me to represent the very spirit of youth as we like to think of it, self-poised, confident and unconquerable; and the tractor seemed a more fitting chariot than a sport roadster would have been.

"Then I came back to the East and to the city and saw the long columns of little advertisements under the heading 'Situations Wanted.' 'Good-looking, well-dressed youth, quick at figures, desires position in bank,' 'Young man, high-school and business college education, desires position as book-keeper or stenographer.' And I found so many up-standing, sturdy, good-looking young men running elevators! I can't help wondering what future they see for themselves. To be sure, an elevator man is 'going up' a part of the time, but he always comes down again; and it is not at the top that he comes to rest, but at the bottom.

"I find myself frequently recalling the picture of the boy on the tractor. He wasn't asking anyone for a job or a 'position.' He was making his own, and bossing it himself. Somehow he brings to mind the answer that Dallas O'Mara, the young artist of Edna Ferber's 'So Big,' made to the architect whose mother had smoothed his every path by her own hard work:

"'Some day I'll probably marry a horny-handed son of toil, and if I do it'll be the hands that will win me. . . . I like 'em with the scars on them. There's something about a man who has fought for it; I don't know what it is—the look in his eye, the feel of his hand. He needn't have been successful, though he probably would be. I, well, you haven't a mark on you—not a mark. You're all smooth. I like 'em bumpy.'"

ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS

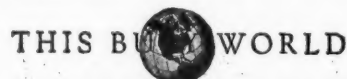
THE other day, a lecturer at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology caused his audience to hear the sound of the human voice coming to them over a beam of ultra-

violet light, and showed them how the same beam, though invisible itself, could make objects properly prepared spring, brightly lit, out of the darkness. Curious experiment, that may forecast some remarkable achievements in the future.

The ultra-violet rays are simply ordinary light rays that are too rapid in their vibration to be perceived as light by the human eye. They are beyond the violet band in the spectrum, which bounds sight on one side as the red band does on the other. They are present of course in sunlight, though we cannot see them, and they are the basis of whatever curative action sunlight has, as well as of its power to kill bacterial life. They are used a good deal in medicine and will be used far more in the future. It is now discovered that when discharged from a mercury arc they can carry sounds just as the immensely more rapid electrical waves of the radio broadcasting machines do. At present they have not anything like so broad a field as the radio waves; they have only carried the human voice a comparatively short distance. But no one doubts that the scientific men will develop their potentialities as they have those of the radio waves. And they have this advantage, that they can be directed on a particular point and nowhere else, instead of being spread about over a constantly widening circle, as radio waves are. Perhaps within a few years our radio telephoning will all be done on ultra-violet beams instead of by the broadcasting system.

The beam could be used also for automobile headlights, and so do away with the nuisance of the present confusing glare. Perfectly dark themselves, such headlights would throw invisible beams that would cause other vehicles, fences, bridges and roadways, properly treated with a fluorescent paint, to glow. By the use of the ultra-violet rays it is also possible to read documents that have become nearly obliterated with age, and to detect absolutely checks that have been tampered with by chemicals and raised to higher figures. When we have our windows made of fused quartz or some improved kind of glass, these rays can enter our houses along with the visible light rays, as they cannot do now, since window glass obstructs them. That ought to make houses more healthful places to live in, especially for invalids who are unable to get often into the open air.

Man's forays into the invisible world, the very existence of which he once no more than suspected, grow more and more frequent. And he always brings back something that makes life more stimulating and interesting. But the underlying mystery of it all he does not, with all his scientific knowledge, dispel.



THIS BUSINESS WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

FRANCE PEGS THE FRANC

IF nothing happens to turn the Poincaré ministry out, the final stabilization of the franc at a little under four cents (one fifth of its value before the war) seems assured. The only difficulty in the way is concerned with the borrowing of gold from this country, which might be necessary in order to supply a large enough gold reserve to support the French unit of currency at that value. So long as France refrains from accepting the debt settlement negotiated last year (and few people think it will ever accept it) American bankers will be chary of making heavy loans. The fact that considerable amounts of gold have recently been shipped from Paris to New York, and that the French government has also established large credits in Amsterdam and London, makes it appear probable that M. Poincaré is preparing to peg the franc at its new value and convert all the domestic debt into securities at that value without waiting for a debt settlement either with Great Britain or the United States. If he succeeds, he will have done what no other French government has dared to attempt.

WHAT CHANCE OF A COAL STRIKE?

THE convention of the United Mine Workers at Indianapolis resolved in favor of a five-day, thirty-hour week for the coal miners and protested to the Interstate Commerce Commission against the existing railway rates on coal, which, it is claimed,

are too favorable to the territory where non-union coal mines prevail. It also voted not to accept any reduction of the wage scale when the three-year agreement expires next April, and to press rather for an increase in wages. It is possible of course that that attitude may lead to a strike among the unionized miners of soft coal, for the employers assert that they can not compete with the non-union mines with the present wage rate. Such a strike would not entirely stop the production of soft coal, for the non-union mines now supply sixty per cent or more of the nation's stock of bituminous coal. After listening to a speech by Mr. William Green, president of the Federation of Labor, the convention voted not to allow Communists to be members of the United Mine Workers.

GERMAN MONARCHISTS GIVE GROUND

A NEW German cabinet has at last been formed, and Doctor Marx, the former Chancellor, is once more at its head. The most interesting thing about it is that the Nationalists, who have hitherto been so strongly monarchist as to refuse to join in supporting any ministry under the republic, have given in and will have several representatives in the new cabinet. That means that for the present at least they recognize the equality of the republican constitution and its strength with the German people. It is not probable that any of them have ceased to hope for a restoration of the monarchy, but they see plainly that there is no chance of it for a long time to come.

MEXICO AND NICARAGUA

THERE has been a meeting between representatives of the rival parties in Nicaragua at Corinto, and Admiral Latimer, our naval representative in those waters, has offered his services to help them in reaching a friendly agreement. Perhaps the most likely outcome is the withdrawal of both Sacasa and Diaz and the election to the presidency of a candidate on whom both can agree. Meanwhile the United States Senate has by a unanimous vote resolved that our differences with Mexico ought to be submitted to arbitration. The Senate has of course no authority to direct the Administration to take that course, but so unusual an expression of opinion—for when before has the Senate been unanimous about anything?—must have its effect on the policy of our government. The Mexican government has ordered all the Catholic priests of the country to report in Mexico City, on the ground that many of them, in the interior, are conniving at or encouraging rebellion against the republic.

FLYING NORTH AGAIN

CAPT. GEORGE H. WILKINS, who last year planned a voyage of exploration over the polar ice by airplane from Point Barrow, Alaska, only to see his hopes shattered by one piece of hard luck after another, intends to make another try this spring. His plan is to fly over that unvisited stretch of ice which lies between the longitudes of 130° E. and 130° W. in order to determine whether or not any land exists there. Amundsen, in the dirigible Norge, cut a path across this area last year without seeing any sign of land, but there are immense fields of ice which lay beyond his range of vision, and Captain Wilkins means to quarter back and forth over these till he has satisfied himself about what they cover, whether land or water. He hopes to leave Point Barrow by the last of March.

MISCELLANY

GOD'S WORK AND FELLOW WORKMEN

The Companion's Religious Article

WHEN St. Paul tells us in one breath that we are "God's husbandry," his mixed figure of speech shows that he is making a transition from one train of thought to another, and seeking a mode of expression that will enable him to describe God's processes in human life in terms at once active and passive on our own part. Metaphors drawn from agriculture and from nature were not the ones he cared for. He journeyed through the most inspiring scenery, and if it ever made any deep impression on his mind his letters do not show it. He has two brief references to gardening or farming,

but mostly he talks in terms of constructive power and of qualities of human life.

When we consider human life and the world of which it is a part, we are confronted with the fact of incompleteness. We live in an unfinished world. There are deserts to be reclaimed, mountain torrents to be harnessed, directed and controlled, canals to be dugged across more than one isthmus, and new regions of power to be occupied and directed. Nor has it all been a failure. Wherever there is a rose with more than five petals, God has had help. Wherever iron floats and dirigibles heavier than air ride the storm, God's law has not been overridden but interpreted and made available.

But higher and finer are the effects of God's cooperation with man in the building of character. God can make innocence, but strong manly or womanly character is a joint product. The human heart there becomes more than a building raised by a divine architect, or a field passively receiving what is wrought upon or sowed within it. It has had its own share in the happy result.

This is a view of life which thrills with a noble self-respect. Men and women are builders. What is best in human character is there because God and man have wrought together to have it so. And the completed product is a temple for the indwelling of God. "For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant

March 5, 1770. First umbrella in Boston
BENEATH that queer contraption, neatly clad
He marched immune to raindrops wet and chilly,
While damp folks growled, "The fellow must be mad!"
And wet folks sneered, "How womanish and silly!"

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

MUMPS

The Companion's Medical Article

MUMPS is a contagious disease which occurs usually in epidemics. It affects children or adolescents for the most part, but it does not always spare adults, or even the aged. It is an inflammation of the parotid glands, which help to secrete the saliva, and which lie below and in front of the lobe of the ear. The gland becomes swollen and projects on the side of the face, pushing the lobe of the ear upward. The other salivary glands may occasionally be involved in the inflammatory process, and not infrequently the glands of the neck also swell and become painful.

The infection begins slowly, and the first symptoms often do not show themselves for two or three weeks after exposure. These first symptoms are a slight feverishness, preceded perhaps by chilly sensations or, in a very young child, convulsions, a feeling of fatigue, and a slight sore throat. These signs may exist for two or three days before the glandular swelling becomes apparent. Then the symptoms grow more severe, the fever rises rapidly three or four degrees, the pulse is quick, and there is more or less earache in addition to pain on swallowing. One gland is usually first affected, and then in a day or two the other side of the face begins to swell. Chewing causes much discomfort, and swallowing is sometimes attended with so much pain that the patient refrains from eating or drinking until hunger or thirst obliges him to yield. Anything acid, such as lemon juice or vinegar, is particularly painful.

The fever lasts for three or four days, but falls before the swelling goes down. Occasionally the inflammatory swelling attacks other glands in the body, but generally the disease is not serious in its results. The patient should be isolated for three or four weeks until all danger of transmitting the disease to others is past. The neck and face should

be protected from the cold by strips of flannel,—the ordinary sleeping helmet is very useful for this purpose,—the diet should consist of milk and soft, bland food, and laxatives should be given if necessary. This is generally all the treatment that is called for.

A DREAM OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

AS far back as the eighteenth century a convict in the prison of Toulon, France, had foreseen the League of Nations.

One winter night in 1779 Benjamin Franklin, then representing his country at the court of Louis XVI, on returning to his little house at Passy, found the following letter on his table:

To Mr. Franklin, Envoy of the United States in Paris.

Dear Sir:

I believe that if the two inclosed manuscripts were printed together or separately, and advertised to the public, a large circulation could be obtained for them in many countries, and they would have an excellent effect in furthering the desire for a perpetual peace between the United States of America, Great Britain and France, and even among the sovereigns of Europe and their neighbors. If you are of my opinion, I beg that you will have them printed, advertised and distributed to the public, as far as it is possible for you to do so.

PIERRE-ANDRÉ GARGAZ

Convict No. 336

The first of the manuscripts, which was simply a petition to the king, Mr. Franklin glanced over indifferently. But his interest was caught by the second, which carried the title, "Project for a Perpetual Peace," and read as follows:

To establish and maintain peace forever between the sovereigns of Europe and their neighbors there are eight infallible means.

First—There should be established in Lyons or some other place to be mutually agreed upon a perpetual Congress, composed of delegates representing each of the sovereigns of Europe. As soon as the number of delegates appointed shall reach the number of ten they shall meet to deliberate over all matters of difference between their respective countries, and their decisions shall be made by majority vote. Should the vote be evenly divided, the president of the Congress, representing the oldest hereditary sovereign in the League, shall cast the deciding vote.

Second—By land and by sea all the sovereigns in the League shall yield precedence to the eldest among them. They will thus defer to the sensible law of nature and avoid all quarrels arising out of questions of etiquette, as well as political jealousy.

Third—Every sovereign shall be content with the dominions of which he finds himself possessed at the first meeting of the League. Thus will be avoided all those wars of conquest resulting in the "benevolent assimilation" of small, weak peoples.

Fourth—If any sovereign in the League, no matter who, takes up arms against another without first having obtained the consent of the League, the Congress shall depose him and elevate in his place the prince next in line whom the Congress shall judge capable of conferring happiness upon his subjects. And each sovereign in the League shall lend what assistance the League deems advisable to establish upon the throne the prince whom they shall have selected for that exalted honor.

Fifth—All the nations in the League shall have the freedom of the seas and of the dominions beyond the seas—there shall be no more duties, no more tariffs, no more octrois.

Sixth—Every country shall be privileged to construct as many fortifications as it chooses, provided that they be two miles within the boundary.

Seventh—Each sovereign shall maintain an invariable number of regiments, companies and officers. This means that there will no longer be men who in times of peace are moving heaven and earth to bring on war for the sake of advancement in their profession, and in time of war doing their best to prolong hostilities, to avoid being reduced in rank upon the declaration of peace.

Eighth—Nobles of every degree may, without suffering loss of cast, engage in the pursuit of agriculture, commerce, manufactures, etc. The aristocracy will therefore jealously guard the peace in order not to have their business ruined by war.

Franklin found the document so interesting and so full of sound, common sense that he wrote the author begging him to call upon him when he should have got his release from prison. A few months later, having obtained a ticket of leave, he did call upon Franklin, in the dress covered with dust in which he had made his way afoot from Toulon. I advised him, says Franklin, to have the proposal printed, but as he was penniless I finally undertook to bear the expense myself. Upon the publication of the pamphlet he took a number

(Continued on page 165)

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New York World school championships won by boys and girls on Winslow's ball bearing steel roller skates.

New York's Best on Roller Skates—Winners and Runners-Up in New York World finals.



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Lower, left to right: — Samuel Jagodnik, 2nd in 4A Class, Hyman Cohen, Winner, 4A Class, Frank Abramo, Winner, 5-2 Class, Arthur Klein, 2nd in 5-2 Class.

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- ☐ 19 Combination sail- and row-boat
- ☐ S71 Tool chests
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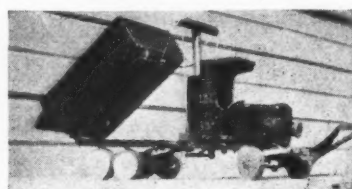
THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys



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66th Weekly \$5 Award



Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "The Director is empowered to make a Cash Award of \$5.00 weekly to the Member or Associate Member submitting, in the Director's opinion, a project of unusual merit."

A MODEL dump truck of excellent workmanship, pictured above, brings to Member Ward S. Lee (15) of Ontario, Calif., the 66th Weekly \$5.00 Award. There is far more amusement in the construction and operation of a working model than of one which looks like the object in question but does not function like it. Member Lee realized this and constructed his model so that all moving parts would actually move. The photograph shows the truck body hoisted to dump its load.

Member Lee's account is brief and to the point: "The truck is 25 in. long, 8 in. wide. The frame is 24 in. in length. The equipment includes fenders, a front bumper, tail light and two head lights. The lights are made of a large spool, with a 1/2 in. hole in it, and a piece of isinglass over the end.

"I have an automatic dumping arrangement—all one has to do is turn the crank. My dump truck, which is about the same as a Mack, has six wheels, as you see in the photograph. It has four semi-elliptic springs. They are made from a clock spring hinged to the frame, which is made of strips of iron 1/2 in. thick and 3/4 in. wide. My wheels are made of wood, sawed to the right width, inside of which I put a piece of tin to form a metal bearing.

"The steering gear is like that of a real truck, with drag-link steering spindle, etc. The hood is 2 in. wide and 4 in. long, shaped like a White. The truck is painted black except the wheels, and weighs about 10 lbs. It is strong enough to carry me and then some, and the total cost was 30 cents. I think it would cost \$10.00 at the store."

The 10,000th Coupon

THAT convenient mathematical method known as extrapolation proves that, barring flood or earthquake, the Y. C. Lab, as this page reaches its readers, will have an application list of no fewer than 10,000 boys not only in this country but from all parts of the globe. Ten thousand of anything is a good many and the 10,000 boys who have applied for Lab membership would make a sight of extraordinary impressiveness if they could for once be grouped together.

There are few public auditoriums in the country capable of holding the throng. It would fill the Metropolitan Opera House in New York about three times over, and a comparison with the largest auditorium in your city will be interesting. Have you joined the ranks yet? A great deal has happened in the past year which has brought the 10,000 Applicants for membership, but a great deal more will happen in the future. The enrolment of the second 10,000 is now begun, and you, if you have not already enlisted, will want to do so soon.

What is all this about? What are the remarkable advantages of membership which have drawn these regiments of boys to the ranks of the Y. C. Lab? The first step in the discovery of the many scientific and financial benefits which come with membership is to clip and fill out the coupon below.

ELECTION COUPON

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy . . . years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work.

The Youth's Companion, containing the weekly proceedings, projects and cash awards of the Y. C. Lab, is received regularly at my home.

Send me full particulars of the Y. C. Lab, and an Election Blank upon which I may submit my name for Associate Membership.

Signature

Address

3-3

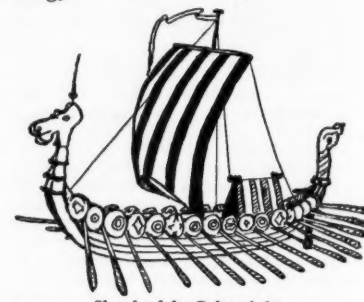
Viking Ship Models and How to Make Them

By COUNCILOR F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN, S.B., S.M.

Instructor in Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: Here is a new departure in ship-model construction. The following article by Councilor Magoun gives information and instructions, by no means ordinarily public property, concerning the building of a model Viking ship. The result, we feel certain, will be a considerable stimulation of interest for this new design.

The careful reader will find much of historical interest in Councilor Magoun's article. The actual construction details and the drawings should clear up most difficulties, of which the seasoned model-constructor will presumably have few. Less experienced designers are urged to write the Director, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. To these inquiries Councilor Magoun will make a personal reply.



Sketch of the Gokstad ship

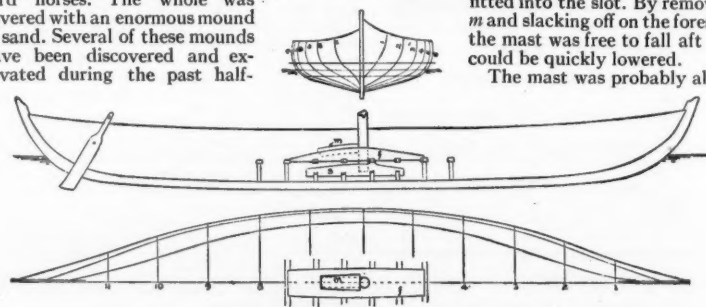
6 or 8 in. and had enormous heads an inch in diameter. The seams were caulked with oakum made of cow's hair spun into three-stranded cord.

Perhaps the most ingenious part of the ship was the arrangement for stepping the mast. The step (S) was a solid log of oak 11 ft. by 19 in. by 14 in. It was countersunk over the frames and braced on either side by small knees. The "fish" (f) was a ponderous piece of oak lying along the center line of the boat and on top of the deck beams. A slot equal in width to the diameter of the mast (12 1/2 in.) was cut in the "fish" from a point in the middle, toward the stern. The mast was stepped through the forward end of this slot and held in place by the slab (m) fitted into the slot. By removing m and slacking off on the forestay the mast was free to fall aft and could be quickly lowered.

The mast was probably about

FOR ease of construction and decorative value the ships of the Norsemen offer to the model-builder an exceptional return for his effort. In spite of the fact that these ships were built a thousand years ago, we possess accurate information concerning them.

Many of the Viking chiefs were buried with their ships. The body was placed in the vessel with various appropriate personal possessions, sometimes including even dogs and horses. The whole was covered with an enormous mound of sand. Several of these mounds have been discovered and excavated during the past half-



Lines of the Gokstad Ship



Half-finished model by Councilor Magoun indicating construction methods

century and in some instances (notably that of the Gokstad ship) the relics were excellently preserved.

In shape the Gokstad ship is astonishingly similar to a canoe, though much larger. Dignified by the name "ship," it was in fact only a large sailing rowboat. The principal dimensions are:

Length between rabbets at the gunwale	77 ft. 11 in.
Breadth extreme	16 ft. 7 in.
Depth from top of keel to gunwale amidships	5 ft. 9 in.
Displacement	28 1/2 tons

The outside planking was fitted in what is known as "clinker" style, all material being oak. The planks were about 9 in. wide, and varied from 8 to 24 ft. in length. They were evidently worked down from stout slabs, since a ridge ran down the center of each plank. Tough tree roots scarcely 1/4 in. in diameter, were used to secure the planks to the frames.

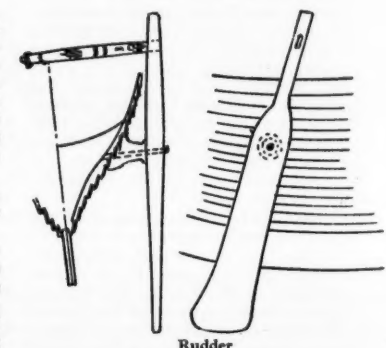
The frames were spaced at 3-ft. intervals, the upper piece of the frame being secured to the deck beam by oak trenails.

The Norsemen were not ignorant, however, of the use of metal fastenings, but the use of iron was restricted by its scarcity. The longitudinal seams of the planks were secured with iron rivets about the thickness of an ordinary 3-in. spike. These were spaced at

40 ft. long and carried a 35-ft. yard, which tapered from 8 1/2 in. in diameter at the slings to 3 1/2 in. at the ends.


The shape of the rudder and the way in which it was fitted may be understood by a study of the drawing. A conical piece of wood sufficiently long to keep the rudder clear of the ship's side was fitted at the stern on the starboard, or "steer board," side. A stout rope passed through a hole in the center of this block and a corresponding hole in the rudder. It was knotted at the

(Continued on page 163)



Rudder

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THE Y. C. LAB

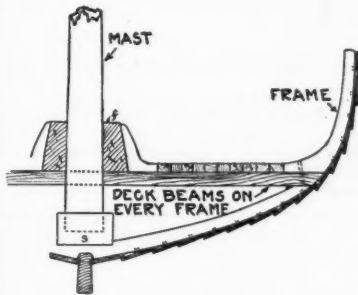
(Continued from page 162)

outer end and was made fast inboard. This rope acted as a pivot, allowing the rudder to be twisted by means of a tiller which was fitted across the stern.

Unfortunately, the extreme ends of the Gokstad ship had rotted away before she was excavated in 1880. However, it is certain that the Viking shipbuilders ornamented their craft with much carving, not only at the stern and stem, as suggested in the drawing, but in such details as oar handles, tent posts, tiller, and so forth.

Sixteen oars about 15 ft. long were fitted on each side, each oar being served by two men who rowed in turns. The entire crew was probably nearly eighty men. Many of the Viking ships were equipped for twenty oars on a side. Strangely enough, there is no trace of thwarts or seats for the oarsmen. Apparently they plied the oars while standing up.

A tent in the after part of the ship offered



Midship section

the only protection afforded cargo and crew. The material was a fine woolen texture, white, with red stripes sewed on.

The Vikings decorated and protected their war vessels with shields hung along the rail, often so close together that they overlapped each other. The material was wood, painted in red, yellow and black.

With these facts in mind the enthusiast for models is ready to undertake his task. Only the seasoned expert will attempt to construct a model with frames and catgut lashings. The novice will select a piece of soft pine of the required dimensions and shape the block to the form indicated in the line drawing.

It is advisable to fit an oak stem, keel and stern post outside the soft hull. It is more rugged and much easier to construct. The "clinker" effect can be obtained either by carefully cutting the plank-edge ridges into the model with a chisel or by actually planing the sides of the model with thin narrow strips of pliable wood. Brads hold these planks in place and represent the Norse iron rivets.

A piece sawed out of the center of the hull with a coping saw and temporarily held in place by screws through the top makes hollowing out after the planking is on unnecessary. Then remove the screws and the piece will come out, leaving a flat surface where the deck platform should be. A strip nailed to the removable piece provides an excellent means of holding the model in a vise. Shields, tent, bow and stern carving and the rigging are easily made.

Special Cash Award

Extract from By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "At the option of the Director, one or more Special Cash Awards, not exceeding \$2.00, may be granted every week to Members or Associate Members submitting deserving projects or suggestions."

THE cabin cruiser Avis II wins for Member Merle Annis a Special Weekly Award. The model is 24 in. long, 7½ in. beam, and rises 7½ in. above its keel. The hull is made of pine 4 in. thick. The cabin is 3½ in. high. The running lights are on top of the cabin. The mast rises from the cabin between the two windows. There is a window and a door on each side of the cabin and one window in the back. The boat is painted white with green trimmings and weighs 10 lbs. Member Annis is 12 years of age, and lives in Niagara Falls, N. Y.



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PRIZE:
Hazel Cox,
17, Harvey-
ville, Kansas



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ON OUR NEXT PAGE
HOW WE MADE A G. Y. C. GUEST-
BOOK FOR OUR NEW HOUSE.
HAVE YOU A LITTLE GARDEN OF
YOUR OWN?
FASHIONS—BETTY IN A SPRING
SPORT OUTFIT.

Return to Hazel Grey
The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

Address.....

Here are the Lucky Winners in the G. Y. C. Photograph Contest!

THE Photograph Contest stands out as a glowing example of the clever and splendid work that can be done by every member of the G. Y. C. who has a camera. The Judges had a difficult time to choose the winners from so many good photographs—in fact, just between you and me, I suspect that the only thing that made them decide at all in the end was the fact that you were all anxiously waiting to see the winning pictures and hear who won the prizes! Here are the winners that measured up to The Youth's Companion cover standards; although none of them may be used for actual covers, they all were judged worthy of that.

Have you entered the new G. Y. C. contest? If you would like the rules for it, send me a stamped self-addressed envelope for them.

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

Three Enterprises from Our New House

ACCOUNTS of the progress that the G. Y. C. Workbox is making with its new house give way this week to the thrilling announcement of the photograph contest—but that hardly means that there is nothing to tell! There is so much that two or three or even six pages would hardly cover all we have done on furniture and furnishings.

A Find: A few days ago we went down cellar to rummage around for an old packing case,—what that packing case is for you will discover in a few weeks,—and in a dark corner, revealed by our flashlight, we came across the marble top of an old-fashioned table.

A good scrubbing brought back its whiteness, and before anyone could put in a claim to use it for anything else it was quickly put in a place of honor in the pantry. This makes an ideal base for the mixing, kneading and cutting of pastries, dough and confections. Now let the recipes come in!

Who Has the Scissors? The scissors had a mysterious way of hiding, and sometimes it would take many minutes to find them. We decided that it would be a good idea to make a rack to hold them, rather than to waste time hunting for them.

We took a board $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick by 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide by 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches long and covered it all over with cretonne left from our smocks. We pasted this on with ordinary paste, being careful to smooth out the cretonne with our fingers. Half a yard of lavender ribbon was tacked to the board in the back for hanging it up, and cup hooks were screwed in the front, on which to hang the scissors.

It took us just half an hour to make this board, and now the scissors are always hanging at attention whenever they are needed. And we have had several requests

from visitors to make them scissor boards like this—another money-making suggestion for you!

Parchment Lamp Shades: We wanted some small, candle-size parchment shades for the dining-room light, and after a shopping trip had revealed that these cost about \$1.20 each we decided to make our own.



Parchment paper costs one dollar a yard, and since it is forty inches wide, a quarter of a yard is enough to make five small shades. Wire lamp frames at 10 cents each and a box of Dennison's No. 00 wire shanks, 20 cents, are the other necessary purchases.

The wires connecting the ring at the top of the lamp frame and the ring at the bottom were cut off with wire-cutters. This left two rings of wire. A pattern was cut, like the drawing, 4 inches high, which, after the ends were joined together, had a 3-inch diameter at the top of the little wire shanks and a 4-inch diameter at the bottom. Finally, the top ring was sewed to the parchment and then the bottom ring.

These shades are extremely simple to make and only require a little time. The cost—outside the shanks, which come 100 in a box, and of which we used but 15—was only 15 cents for each shade.

Later on the little shades will have to be bound on the top and bottom edges with grosgrain ribbon to harmonize with the color scheme of our new dining-room. We are very proud of them when we realize how much we have saved by making them.

Fashions for the Young Girl

Rain and Warmer!

SUZANNE chose this raincoat outfit in a green that is a bit of spring in itself—soft and delicate and with a delightful sheen to it. However, to tell you the truth, she says that she was not thinking only of spring and April showers when she chose it! One thing that influenced her was the fact that the coat is one of those new reversible ones, with a fascinating plaid side to cheer one up on the dreariest of rainy days. Each side is equipped with its own pockets, and of course the protecting stand-up collar buttons, whichever color you decide suits your particular mood of the moment!

The rainy-day hat to match, while it is not reversible, will go equally well with either side out, as it is almost half-and-half plain and plaid, with its becoming plain-colored crown



Hazel Studio



Coat and hat from Filmer

snugly fitting the shape of one's head, and its gay and flattering little turned-up plaid brim.

Can you believe that both hat and coat together are only \$5.00?

These rainy-day outfits come in sizes 6 through 16, and if you prefer you might choose one in red or blue instead of green, for each of these three colors comes with a harmonizing plaid "inside-out" side!

Do you want me to help you with clothes problems? Or color problems? Shall I send you some helpful hints about choosing colors and styles to suit your own individual type? Please remember to send a stamped self-addressed envelope when you ask a question, so that I can send you an answer.

HAZEL GREY

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

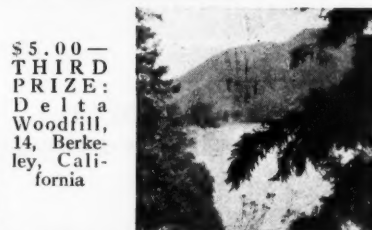
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\$5.00—THIRD PRIZE: Emma Buls, 15,
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Ruth Davison (16), Iowa
Helen Dean (19), Minn.
Minnie Dow (16), Vt.
Hester Gibbs (17), Mass.
Ruth L. Gilman (16), N. H.
Helen H. Hahn (17), Ohio
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Mary Josephine Harvey (16), Ind.
Emeline V. Heath (19), Me.
Mary Louise Jackson (16), Pa.
Fannie Landis (18), Pa.
Bertha MacNeal (16), Pa.
Avis G. Marden (16), R. I.
Ola Mushrush (20), Ark.
Mandara V. Neff (18), Ky.
Florence M. Phipps (16), Iowa
Florence A. Powers (18), N. J.
Arva Putnam (18), Minn.
Mary Van Skiver (16), Fla.
Margaret Stanley (17), Ohio

JUNIORS:

Esther L. Bell (13), Pa.
Barbara Bramwell (13), Kan.
Nellie S. Brown (14), Ga.
Gladya L. Chapman (15), Me.
Marjorie Fleming (15), Minn.
Mariana Frantz (12), Pa.
Hazel Huston (11), Kan.
Grace James (14), Ohio
Esther Johnson (13), Mass.
Doris Kellogg (15), Tex.
Vivian Lacey (15), Kan.
Alice May Lippincott (14), N. J.
Grace S. Merritt (14), N. Y.
Margaret F. Spencer (12), Pa.
Olive Stovall (15), Mo.
Amelia Wolf (15), Ohio
Erma World (15), Calif.



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MISCELLANY

(Continued from page 161)

of copies and distributed them where he thought their influence might do some good. Among others he sent copies to the king, to monsieur the brother of the king, to the nine members of the Council of State, and to the twenty-nine ambassadors of foreign powers residing in Paris.

To each one Monsieur Gargaz wrote: "If you disapprove of my project, will you be good enough to return my pamphlet."

From a letter addressed by him to Jefferson in 1786, at which time Jefferson had succeeded Franklin at the French court, it appears that there had been but six who disapproved of the pamphlet as against forty-eight who approved it, among whom were monsieur the brother of the king, Marshal Soubise, the Russian and British ambassadors and the papal nuncio. "It is now necessary," wrote Gargaz, "to encourage the Americans to adopt a plan for a sovereign League."

Alas! Gargaz died shortly after and never had a response to his appeal to America.

Thus, after an interval of one hundred and fifty years, history repeats itself. History, like nature, is a perpetual recommencement.

SAVED BY THE BEES

IN a suburb of Bordeaux, France, says a French newspaper, there lives a farmer who also keeps beehives. His daughter, a girl of sixteen, loves to help her father take care of the bees. She is of a merry disposition and always sings. She believes that the bees like her songs, and they swarm about her and often sit upon her bare arms and neck, but never sting. She is always neatly dressed and uses perfume of the lily-of-the-valley, which the bees seem to appreciate. She is very careful, trying not to hurt or disturb the bees in any way. Now and then she brings them sugar syrup in a saucer and loves to see them feasting on her treat.

Once when the farmer was absent and there was nobody in the house but the young girl an ugly looking tramp appeared. Seeing the door open, he deliberately entered the house and in a rough voice demanded alms. The girl gave him some money. But the tramp would not go away. He saw there was nobody else in the house and insolently demanded five francs. The girl gave him even that sum, hoping that he would leave her in peace.

"Are you alone in the house?" the tramp asked roughly.

The girl would not answer, and, as she was afraid to stay in the room facing the man, she stepped out into the garden and went toward the beehives. The tramp followed her closely.

In her desperation the girl appealed to her bees.

"Come here, bees!" she exclaimed.

Perceiving an ugly looking and badly smelling stranger (bees do not like bad smells), the bees set upon him, stinging his face, his head and his hands. The more he covered his face with his hands the more they swarmed about him, and the faster they plied their stings. The tramp began to scream with the pain and ran off as fast as he could.

When the father returned home the daughter told him about her very unpleasant experience. The father thought it was his duty to report to the police on the tramp.

"He cannot be far off," declared the farmer; "he must have applied to the drug store for help."

Sure enough, the police easily discovered the tramp, whom they found in a terrible state: his face, head, hands and arms were frightfully swollen. The police surgeon found it necessary to send him to the city hospital, where he died in a few days, suffering terribly.

A DRESSMAKER'S UNUSUAL TASK

THE Munsons, writes a friend of The Companion, consist of the widow's mother and her daughter, Florence, who is a skilled dressmaker. Last summer they were modernizing their home, the final improvement being the laying of hardwood floors over the old flooring in the hall, dining-room and living-room.

John Westbrook, the only competent carpenter in that section, was doing the work. He had completed the hall and dining-room and had about half finished covering the floor in the living-room on Saturday night when he left to spend Sunday with his family a dozen miles away.

(Continued on page 167)



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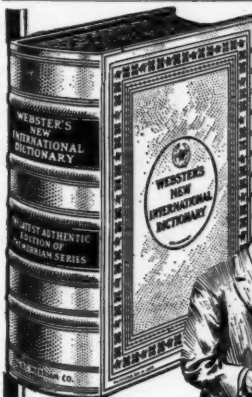
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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

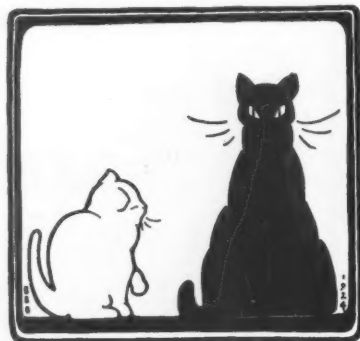
The Purr-Adventure: A Kitten Tale

By Beatrice B. Brown



ONCE upon a time there was a White Kitten who went out into the Wide World to seek his fortune. He sought far and wide and hither and yon, but not a bit of a fortune did he find; only an old black Witch-Cat with yellow eyes like brass buttons.

"Good morning, madam," said the White Kitten and purred graciously. His mother had taught him to be polite; and



"Good morning, madam," said the White Kitten

the politest thing a kitten can do, as everyone knows, is to purr. "Can you tell me, madam, where in the Wide World I can find my fortune?"

"Good morning, White Kitten," said the Witch-Cat. "That I cannot. But one thing I can tell you: you have a lovely purr. My own purr is quite worn out and useless. Suppose you give me yours."

And before you could say Jack Robinson she had taken the White Kitten's purr and had thrown her own to the Four Winds of Heaven.

"Oh, please!" cried the White Kitten, in dismay. "You may have my purr, and welcome, but please don't throw yours away! Give it to me—do! A worn-out purr is better than no purr at all!"

But he spoke too late. The Four Winds of Heaven had already carried the Witch-Cat's purr beyond the White Kitten's reach. The Witch-Cat tried the White Kitten's purr to see how it worked; and indeed, being very new and always properly cared for, it worked beautifully.

The White Kitten sat down on his

small back legs and stared at the Witch-Cat and listened to the rumble of his purr in the Witch-Cat's throat. Finally, "Please," said the White Kitten, "how am I to get along in the Wide World without my purr?"

The White Kitten felt very badly about this; but those who go seeking their fortunes have no time to cry; so he got to his four feet and trotted on again.

The next thing he met in the Wide World was a Bottle of Cream.

"This is indeed fortunate," said the White Kitten to himself, "for I am hungry and thirsty."

He approached the Bottle of Cream, intending to say politely, "Please, sir, may I slake my thirst?" But, alas! he could not be polite; he had no purr. Therefore he mewed instead; and to mew is very rude. It was as if the White Kitten had said, "Hey! Gimme a drink!"

"Hoity-toity!" said the Bottle of Cream. "Such manners! Indeed, and you shall not drink from me. I'll turn first." And the Bottle of Cream turned on the spot.

The White Kitten drew back quickly. Hungry as he was, he could not drink curdled cream.

"Oh, dear me!" said he. "I have found

no fortune; I have lost my purr, and I am very hungry. What shall I do?"

But he had not yet traversed all the Wide World; so he took heart and trotted on again.

It was cold and uncomfortable in the Wide World, because the Four Winds of Heaven were blowing as hard as they were able. They were tossing the Witch-Cat's purr from one to another, and enjoyed the sport immensely. But the White Kitten did not enjoy it at all. He was very tired and very hungry and quite discouraged. Finally he came to a little cottage with a doorway so small that all the Four Winds of Heaven couldn't blow into it at once; and there the White Kitten curled up. So tired was he that he fell asleep at once and slept a long, long while.

"WHY, bless my soul, it's a White Kitten!"

The White Kitten opened his eyes in astonishment. Standing in the door behind him was a Little Old Lady. She wore a dust-cap; her skirts were pinned up around her waist; and in her hand she held a broom, for this Little Old Lady was doing her early morning housework and had opened the door to sweep off the step.



The Little Old Lady went to her pantry and fetched the White Kitten a bowl of milk

Nuts & Crack

(1). DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

Example: A device used in a cupboard becomes a small fairy. Answer, sh-elf.

All the words given begin with the same two letters. By taking away these first two letters the following changes are made:

A walk becomes a baker's product.
A beginning becomes practical skill.
To walk becomes to be conveyed.
Quiet becomes sick.
Excessive effort becomes precipitation.
A compartment becomes everything.
A long, narrow marking becomes mature.
A hard substance becomes an individual.

(2). CHARADE.

My FIRST's a nickname for a boy.
To SECOND evil is a joy.
My THIRD means roomy, free or light,
Or breezy, too, as well it might.
My WHOLE is found upon a shelf,
And, strange to say, within itself.

(3). WORD-SQUARE.

1. Slave. 2. Always. 3. Western city.
4. Tail-less amphibian.

(4). RIDDLE.

A mother forms the beginning; second, you will see an ancient Chaldean city; and you will also find it third. I appear in fourth place; and both you and I form the ending. The grand total is the name of an island in the Indian Ocean.

(5). COLONEL PUZZLER.

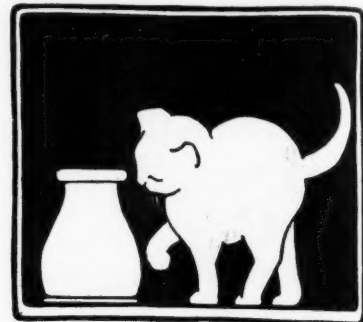
General Delivery called upon Colonel Puzzler to decipher the strange code message which he had received. It read:
R R Y R M Y D D R M S N D T T C K T
D W N

The colonel discovered that by distributing one letter of the alphabet through the message he could make it read plainly. Can you do the same?

(Answers to these puzzles will be published next week.)

The White Kitten jumped to his feet, and to show that he had been taught to be polite, even though he had lost his purr, he rubbed his back against the Little Old Lady's petticoats.

"White Kitten," said the Little Old Lady, "you must be cold and hungry. Won't you come in?"



"Hoity-toity!" said the Bottle of Cream, and it turned on the spot

The White Kitten was very glad to come in.

"Kitten," said the Little Old Lady, "would you like something to eat?"

The White Kitten arched his back and rubbed a second time against the Little Old Lady's petticoats. And that, as perhaps you know, is about the politest way in which a cat can say, "Please, I am very hungry."

The Little Old Lady went to her pantry and fetched the White Kitten a bowl of milk. When he had drunk all he could hold, the Little Old Lady took him on her lap and said:

"White Kitten, I am very lonely, and for many years I have been wanting a kitten. A great many cats stop at my door on their journeys through the Wide World, and I give them a good meal, and treat them kindly, and always hope that perhaps one of them will stay with me. But they all go back again into the Wide World."

The Little Old Lady wiped tears from her eyes with her pocket handkerchief, and continued:

"I will tell you why they leave me, and then perhaps you will leave me, too. I am quite deaf, and no cat likes to live with a mistress who cannot hear him when he purrs. As his purr is the most important thing about a cat, I'm sure I don't blame them at all. Now, if you want to go, I shall not try to keep you."

Of course the White Kitten made up his mind then and there to stay forever. And all his life long he was never sorry again that the Witch-Cat had stolen his purr; for with the Little Old Lady who was quite deaf and could hear nothing he had the very finest home in the Wide World.

DAY AND NIGHT

By Marion E. LeBron

A day is such a lovely thing,
With time for work and play,
That when the night and bedtime comes
I wish for more of day.

But night comes in so sweet and cool
And tucks me in so tight
That when the morning comes again
I wish for more of night.

WHEN THE MAYBES SWARM

By L. J. Bridgman

When the cold weather goes with its shivery snows
And the buds open wide to the spring,
Then the maybes fly free, and they call you and me
To the out-of-door pleasures they bring.

Maybe ball, maybe fishing or tennis
you're wishing—
The maybes are all sorts and kinds;
Maybe skipping or racing, or butterfly-chasing
For those who have studious minds.

Maybe kites, maybe flowers, will please you for hours.
If, maybe, you tire of games,
There are thousands of maybes,
besides busy play-bes.
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MISCELLANY—(Continued from page 165)



Three of the Anton Lang children; devoted readers of *The Youth's Companion* in Oberammergau, Bavaria

"Don't fail to be back promptly on Monday, Mr. Westbrook," Florence said as he climbed into his car. "The postman left a letter from Aunt Louise today. They're coming next Thursday, and mother and I will have to hustle to get the house settled after you're through."

"Don't you worry," he told her, "I'll have everything shipshape by Tuesday afternoon, at the latest."

He drove away, and two miles down the road collided with a heavy truck. An hour later he was in the Waterville hospital, suffering from a broken leg and other injuries that were certain to disable him for many weeks.

When Florence Munson heard the news Sunday morning she was so disturbed that she was late at church. Scarcely a word of the sermon penetrated to her consciousness, so deeply was she buried in thought all through the discourse; and her mother's lamentations that afternoon were almost equally unheard.

At daylight, Monday, she went to the barn, where the carpenter's tools and the thin materials were spread out on or beside an improvised bench. She studied the situation there and then returned.

The central part of the floor seemed simple enough,—that was plain matching and laying,—but round the room ran a mosaic border of lighter and contrasting shades. There were two corners still to turn and match, besides the jog at the fireplace in the center of the unfinished side of the room. Presently she procured a large sheet of paper, a ruler and pencil, and prepared a careful pattern of one of the finished corners. Cutting out the blocks with her dressmaking shears, she carried them back to the barn. There, with some trepidation, she applied the patterns to the wood, marked off the sections, and then cut them out with a saw. These she took to the house, fitted them in place and presently was nailing them down. Mrs. Munson protested at first, but, after inspecting the result, encouraged her.

By ten o'clock on Wednesday morning the task was finished, though she had worked nearly till midnight both evenings. Mrs. Munson assured her that she could not tell where Mr. Westbrook's work left off and Florence's began. Other and probably more competent observers have said the same.

It is believed this is the first hardwood floor ever laid by a dressmaker, with a paper pattern as a basis.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION IN OBERAMMERGAU

NO hamlet in the world is so well known all over the globe as Oberammergau, the little Bavarian village where, once in ten years, the men and women and children of the place give their sincere and beautiful performance of the "Passion Play." Anton Lang was on the last occasion the Christus of the play. This serene and gentle face is familiar to many of our readers through photographs; those who have been fortunate enough to see his performance of his most difficult and exacting part can never, so long as they live, forget the impression it made upon them.

The three charming little people in the photograph are Anton Lang's children—and they are all readers of *The Youth's Companion*. Mr. William S. Furst of Philadelphia, who has often visited Oberammergau, and who is a warm personal friend of Anton Lang and his family, is a friend and admirer

of *The Companion* too, and he sends the paper to them as a Christmas gift, confident, as he writes, "that no gift would be more impressive upon young minds than *The Youth's Companion*, so full of courage, high ideals and heroism, and intermingled with so many articles on American history and American institutions."

So *The Youth's Companion* goes to this pretty Bavarian village and to other foreign places to carry to these young people in far-distant lands the message of American friendship and American good will. What better ambassador of the United States can be imagined? How better can the boys and girls of the rising generation in those countries learn what life is like in America, and what American young people do, and read and think? And, since understanding lies at the bottom of all friendship, *The Youth's Companion* will help to establish in the minds of its readers in these foreign lands a sympathy with American ideals and a good will toward America itself which will some day be of real advantage to our country and to theirs. Childhood knows no frontiers. The best and the only way to avoid wars in the future, and to bring all mankind into the common brotherhood that should be ours, is to make girls and boys friends of one another around the world.

"When our family has studied the paper," writes Anton Lang to Mr. Furst, "a teacher who is giving lessons here has it. So you see it is well used." Wherever the paper goes it will reach many readers outside the family that receives it. Perhaps there are other friends of *The Companion*, who would like to send to some family of their acquaintance in France or Italy or Germany or England the paper which through its stories and articles, its Y. C. Lab and its G. Y. C., reflects that side of American life and character with which we should like other peoples to be familiar.

A GENTLE HINT

"WHY did you stop singing in the choir?" "Because one day I didn't sing, and somebody asked if the organ had been fixed."—Princeton Tiger

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining, not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. *The Youth's Companion* gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

Tell it to the Marines—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
The soul of the Marine Corps engagingly pictured. Lon Chaney, William Haines

One Increasing Purpose—William Fox
A screen version of Mr. Hutchinson's novel of the World War veteran who aspired to lead the world into the Kingdom of Heaven. Edmund Lowe, Lila Lee

The Auctioneer—William Fox
The joys and sorrows of a Jewish immigrant sympathetically pictured. George Sidney

The Fire Brigade—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
A romantic melodrama, built on the faithfulness and courage of our firemen. Charles Ray, May McAvoy

The Pottery—Paramount
Through the unexpected assistance of an oil gusher a down-trodden father reasserts himself. Very amusing. W. C. Fields, Mary Alden

The Music Master—William Fox
The well-known play, in which a father, always forgetful of self, seeks and finds a long-lost daughter. Alec B. Francis, Lois Moran.

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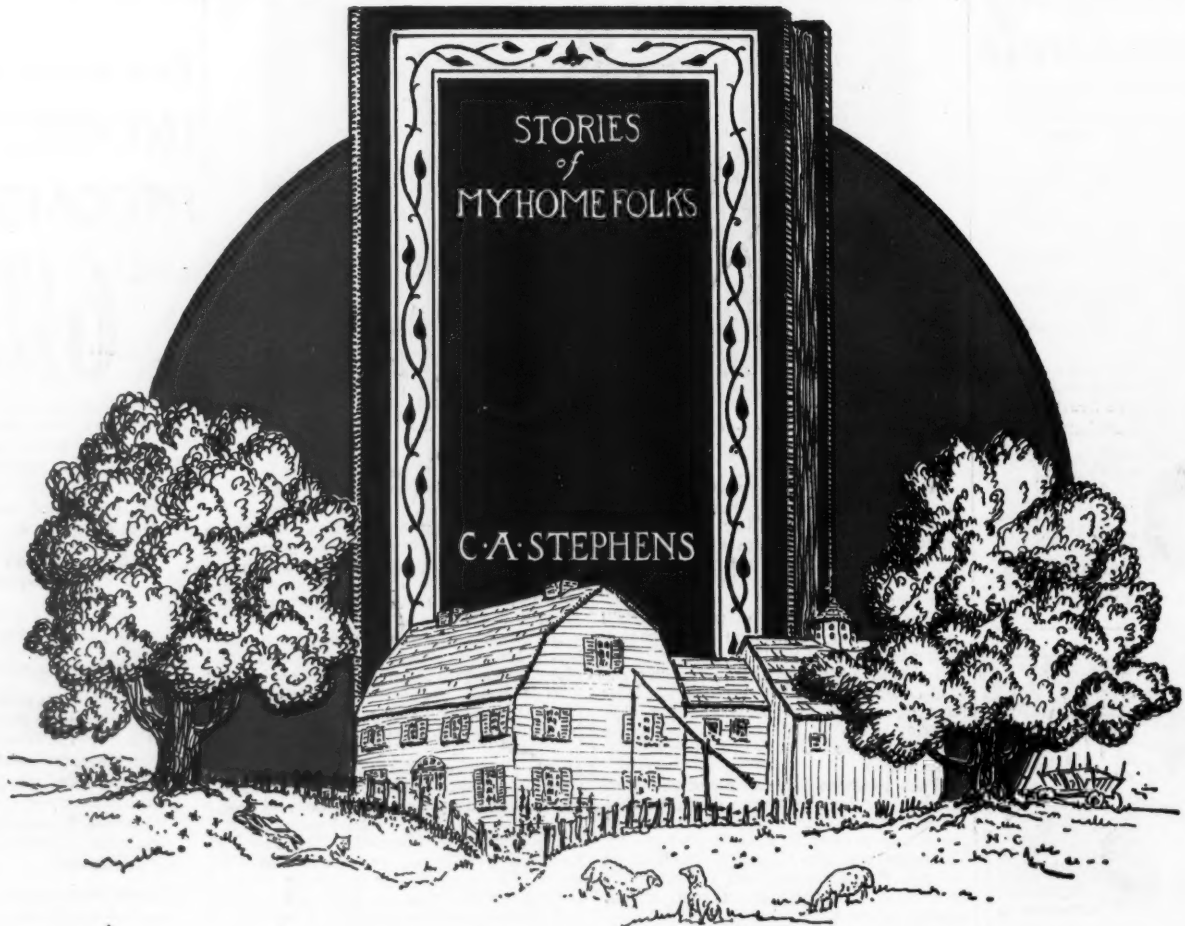
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